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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Great Britain and Russia have sent a joint Note to the Shah asking him to perform his promise of summoning a new Parliament. The importance of this is that they believe it to be the only way of putting an end to the civil war and the anarchy which are exposing the lives and property of their subjects in Persia to imminent danger. The Shah cannot protect foreigners, and the next move of his enemies may be the destruction of the Consulates in Tabriz to make European intervention necessary. This is the desperate project of men determined to destroy the dynasty rather than submit. There is a probability that the rebels would hand over Tabriz to the Shah on certain guarantees by the Legations if the Parliament were summoned. Whether the Shah fulfils his promises or not, the Note seems to dispose of the assertions that Russia intended to help him to put down his rebellious subjects sans phrase. The Shah might remember from the case of the Russian Douma that it is possible to bring such an assembly to reason however wild it may be in the beginning, as the Persian Mejliss was.

On Wednesday the Treaty and the Colonial Law relating to the Congo State were adopted by the Belgian Senate, and thus Parliamentary sanction is at length given to the annexation of the State to Belgium. Some Belgian jurists contend, as it would seem the Belgian Government also does—judging by its replies at various times to Sir Edward Grey—that the Powers can do nothing but acknowledge the annexation without conditions. Sir Edward Grey has always maintained that under the Acts of Berlin and Brussels they have the right of withholding recognition of the annexation unless satisfactory guarantees are given for the good government of the Congo State, as the creation of an international Convention. He has made several strong

speeches in Parliament in this sense. When his reply is published to the last memorandum of the Belgian Government received just before the rising of Parliament, it will no doubt be found that he still asserts the rights of the Powers.

The new Turkish electorate is one that will need a good deal of education. A fair amount of pressure also—not too much but just enough to return the candidates of the Young Turkey party—will have to be applied to it. The candidates are naturally to be supplied by the two committees of the party, which have now fused for the purpose, it may be supposed, of supplying the candidates in fair proportions from the two sections. They will take care that not many candidates other than their own are returned.

To prevent this is the real meaning of the decision which the committee has come to of immediately beginning the work of education in the constituencies. And, after all, it would be absurd to expect free elections. The committee is a revolutionary body, and its first aim must be self-preservation. It must take care, however, that the electors do not get to fighting amongst themselves in the old way. There are ominous reports that the reign of fraternity has been somewhat disturbed already in some districts. The explanation given is that the committee has been interfering too much with the executive it has set up. Too many officials have been dismissed as belonging to the former régime. The people in these districts are thus imagining that the new era of freedom means no taxes. This is too good even for Turkey; and the committee is said now not to be interfering so much.

Though France has not shown herself actively resentful of German action in Morocco, she is in no mood to be rushed into the recognition of Mulai Hafid. German intervention has been met by insistence on the full acceptance of the Algeçiras Act before anything is done to put Mulai Hafid in Abd-el-Aziz' place. France has at least some excuse for caution, apart altogether from her quite natural suspicion as to German diplomacy. The followers of Abd-el-Aziz have shown that they are still capable of striking hard, however little their blows may affect the ultimate issue, and the French themselves have at last disposed of the

troublesome Moorish harka on the Algerian frontier. Germany would at the same time appear to have gone far in demanding the release of the notorious Kaid Ermiki. She has only succeeded in embarrassing Mulai Hafid and his advisers.

The question of the British Indians in the Transvaal seems to be resolving itself into a battle of wits, with the advantage of brute force on the side of the Government. British Indians are deported one day, only to turn up the next and be arrested by the Transvaal police. They will not be denied, and if their purpose is to wear down the Botha Government they are adopting tactics which must either result in further penalties or modification of the law. The British Indians cannot see why they should be denied the freedom that belongs to other subjects of the Empire, and no amount of persecution will break down their persistence. They have held mass meetings in Durban and Johannesburg, and an appeal is to be made to Lord Crewe. The chances that the present Government will intervene against the Botha régime which they called into existence are slender.

Mr. William O'Brien describes the shindies between the Irish Nationalists at Newcastle West and Kildorrery as a "new portent in Ireland". We cannot understand how a set-to between jarring Irish sects can be described as new. Now an amiable and lasting accord between them might indeed be called new. This particular portent had to do with land purchase. Naturally enough a large number of Nationalist patriots want to knock land purchase on the head; and—from a Nationalist point of view—there are very unpatriotic people like Mr. William O'Brien who want not to have it knocked on the head. These are the people who want to conciliate and settle, and who favour land purchase though it was carried through by hated Saxons and Unionists. Obviously they are not good home-rulers, because the good home-ruler is for keeping up ill-feeling between Ireland and England; and the further the land settlement goes, the harder it must be to fan this flame of hate. If we were home-rulers we should very much dislike Mr. William O'Brien and his followers. The Redmondite and Dillonite point of view is after all quite logical, simple to understand.

At these meetings in County Limerick and County Cork several Nationalists were hustled and knocked about. Mr. O'Brien says they "received physical injuries in the course of the affrays". We do not approve of this "peculiarly Irish" way of differing. How is it that at Nationalist sect meetings people never can agree, like Sterling and Carlyle, to differ only in opinion? But we notice that several of these receivers of physical injury were gentlemen who lately made light of the cruelty of cattle-driving. Perhaps they may now have a little more "pity for a beast o'er-driven". We are glad the police did what they could to protect these slightly battered anti-land purchase M.P.s; but perhaps there is less excuse for ill-treating anti-land purchase M.P.s than for ill-treating cattle. After all the M.P.s did something to offend somebody, whereas the cattle are utterly innocent of all offence.

The Labour party have for once dissembled their dislike for the Liberal party by withdrawing their candidate at Newcastle. They will not after all go to the electors with the assurance that Stephenson's your friend, not Shortt. We must say that the Liberals—and especially the Liberal press—stand repeated acts of open hostility by the Labour party very well. Perhaps the reason of this is that it is no use in the world standing them in any other spirit. Having got hold of one seat at Newcastle the Labour party was intent on getting hold of the other. The policy of thorough with a vengeance! We cannot wonder that, though the party leaders and papers are meek as mice, some of the Liberal capitalists have begun to mutter. In hard practice the attitude of the Labour party towards the Liberal party is often one of sheer hostility. There is no doubt that Mr. George Whiteley thoroughly understood this, whatever his faults as a Chief Whip.

According to Sir F. C. Gould's cartoon in the "Westminster Gazette" on Thursday Mr. Lloyd George has been angling during the past week, and one day killed a snake of a yard long which he met with on the bank of the river. We do not know why he should kill such an absolutely harmless thing as a snake. But apart from this his withdrawal from politics, home and foreign, for a few days is not a bad idea. People—especially perhaps people on his own side—were growing slightly tired of Mr. Lloyd George's pronouncements on foreign policy, &c. Because he settled the railway business it does not follow that Mr. Lloyd George is qualified to settle the affairs of the world. Mr. Lloyd George is a very quick man—"quick to see a point" as a colleague of his put it to us the other day—and may have a notion of an unauthorised programme after the way of Mr. Chamberlain. He was always a great admirer of Mr. Chamberlain, indeed in days when he thought lightly of Mr. Asquith. But we doubt whether he is strong enough yet to play the part of his hero. His incursion into foreign policy was bold, but it is now recognised not to have been a real success.

A politician's wedding presents at one time were his own affair and the affair of the people who gave them. To-day they are as much the affair of the public as his speeches. During the week an extraordinary competition has been going on between several of the most popular London papers to get a full list of Mr. Churchill's wedding presents. One paper actually rushed out a late edition on Thursday evening with this legend on its bill: "Mr. Churchill's Wedding Presents. Complete List. 9 P.M. Edition." We have heard of a Football Edition and of late-extra-specials, but a Wedding Present Edition is a novelty at which even the American journalist's imagination might boggle. This kind of thing reduces politics to pap.

The news of Mr. C. A. Whitmore's death came as a shock to many of his friends and his colleagues in the 'eighty Parliaments. Mr. Whitmore's political career was not so distinguished as his 'Varsity career. At Oxford he did brilliantly with his First and his Fellowship of All Souls. His friends expected that he would do great things in Parliament. But perhaps he was too much of the organiser or wirepuller to succeed notably in high politics. He was very neat and polished in the speeches he made in the House, particularly on the subject of Parliamentary representation—a subject naturally attractive to the organiser and strict party man; and some will recall how Mr. Gladstone paid marked attention to one or two of his speeches. But beyond this Mr. Whitmore never went. He was a politician who—to use a displeasing but useful phrase—"kept himself up to date". He was a most ardent supporter of Mr. Chamberlain's Preference proposals. But Mr. Whitmore was also a protectionist—almost a "bald" one—long before that. He fought with vigour but without bitterness, and had plenty of friends among his opponents at Chelsea and elsewhere.

These are the days of tribulation in the industrial world. To use the language of the newspapers there are no fewer than three great crises, as to which it cannot be said yet whether they will issue in peace or war. There is some hope that the provisional agreement reached in the two days' conference in London this week may result in the settlement of the North-East Coast strike which has been so long and disastrous. The cotton operatives have rejected the employers' terms by a great majority. A last despairing conference between employers and workmen has failed to agree, and the country has before it the threatened calamity to Lancashire of a strike of a hundred and fifty thousand workpeople. Then the Railway Servants' Society with Mr. Bell once more to the front is in arms against the directors of the principal companies. A misunderstanding appears to have led to this outcry. The directors were accused of making re-arrangements of wages and hours without submitting them to the Conciliation Board or the Arbitration Court under the Board of Trade agreement. But the directors do not deny that if the men choose they may bring the terms

before the Conciliation Board or the Arbitration Court, whose decision would be final.

Some of the strongest accusations ever made in public against the Salvation Army were made at the Trade Union Congress at Nottingham. The Army was accused of deliberately sweating skilled artisans at their Hanbury Street joinery works. A full day's labour is exacted and overtime insisted on at the price of twopence per hour. Speakers at the Congress asserted that this enables a balance to be paid over to the general purposes of the Army. One of these speakers said "General" Booth had refused to give a statement which would show clearly what the truth is. It ought to be known whether the work of these men fetches the price of the ordinary work of skilled men. If it does, there is a clear case of "sweating".

One point admitted by "General" Booth is that some of the men have been hired to do work for contractors. Personally he appears to have doubted whether this could be defended; but he was overruled by his officers. A good deal may be allowed for the "General's" plea that many of the men are not worth anything like trade union wages and that it would be ruinous to the Army to pay them. But if he is competing with ordinary employers by means of the skilled but underpaid labour of men whose necessities he takes advantage of, it is rank hypocrisy to talk of saving their souls or their bodies. The "General" is too fond of assuming airs of injured innocence when his "enemies" question his methods. He should give business statements instead; and he has not done so in this affair. The Congress decided to invite him to make further explanations. The "General" would hardly like to be quoted in Parliament as an argument for the Sweating Bill.

Looking back over the papers that were read at the British Association, whose meetings ended on Wednesday, two especially appear to be worth careful reading by the ordinary educated man. Most of them are beyond anyone who is not an expert in science. The papers we mean are by Professor Ridgway in the section of Anthropology and Sir Horace Plunkett in the sub-section of Agriculture. Professor Ridgway dealt with the relative superiority and inferiority of alien races and of the various classes in this country. He emphasised once more the degeneration we are encouraging by many of our political and social measures and general indifference to physiological knowledge. Sir Horace Plunkett's address dealt as wisely as wittily with the need for reorganising the business of agriculture and the application of science to it. It was not the less but the more interesting that his views were a chapter of autobiography.

He dwelt upon the urgent need (in Great Britain and America as well as in Ireland) of reorganising the business side of farming. The uselessness of an "economic holding" without an economic system is precisely the kind of fact that politicians will not face. Small holdings and co-operation were discussed, while Dr. Moritz Bonn, a German professor beside whom Mr. T. W. Russell cut a poor figure (since exact knowledge coupled with humour appeals to an educated audience more than sentimental rhetoric tempered by elastic principles), drew an instructive parallel between Ireland and Poland. In each country a Roman Catholic peasantry with an unhappy history is trying to live by the land. The Irish farmer has found it more agreeable to agitate than to work, while the Pole has taken the trouble to develop his farm. The doctrine that it is more profitable to double the output than to halve the rent is heresy to Nationalist politicians and their satellite Mr. Russell.

None of the evidence given at the adjourned inquest in the Sevenoaks murder case gives any indication of the solution of the mystery. It was adjourned again however on a note of expectation, which makes us hope, though almost against hope, that the police are aware of cogent facts which they do not wish yet to put before the public. The Coroner stated that the Chief Constable wished for an adjournment because he hoped that "in the near future somebody will be found who is

responsible for this crime". Such a statement as this can hardly have been prompted by nothing but a vague possibility that something may turn up in the interval. The detectives and police have hitherto been discreet and cool, and have done nothing capricious and wild. It will be a great disappointment if they have dropped hints of doing something beyond their power to fulfil.

Whoever was author of the crime at Seal, Major Luard does a service in drawing attention to the tramp-curse throughout the country. It is absurd that the State should allow the roads to be infested with the bundles of filth, idleness and professional misery that pass for men and women. The police have no doubt the power to deal with these as persons with no "visible means of subsistence"; but it is a power that is really powerless to cleanse the roads, tramps and sturdy beggars being in such great numbers to-day. There ought to be a new law and a drastic, by which this human refuse could be utilised. This is just the kind of thing in which Mr. Burns excels. We wish that before he goes out of office he could see his way to take up and settle the tramp question.

In Scotland to-day the tramps seem to be even worse than in England. We noticed the road from Perth to the Northern Highlands swarming with them at times lately. They stop and beg without reserve. Moreover, in Scotland the dressed-up beggar seems to be a more effective figure than on English roads. His toilet is quite an artistic affair in rags and tatters. His long flowing locks, his slouch and shake would fit him for the beggar on the stage. Ochiltree was affluent compared with him. North of Tweed we suppose the tramp must depend chiefly on the tourist; for soft-heartedness is not a weakness of the Scotch people.

At this time of year some people would be glad to know whether tips to the "conductors" of sleeping-cars on our northern lines are compulsory or not. Tips to the porter who carries your luggage, or to the guard who looks after your dog in the van, are not compulsory; and if at times the guard is a little insistent on his shilling, the porter as a rule is "quite decent" about his few coppers. He half goes if he half stays when he has put the things on the rack or under the seat. There is little to complain of in the porter. But why should a sleeping-car conductor, after taking your tickets, firmly wait until his hand closes over a couple of shillings? It looks as if this were really not a tip at all, but a fare on certain lines. The fare may be quite a reasonable one. But travellers ought to know how they stand in the matter. The whole system of tipping is in a muddled state. It should be codified. An "A B C" of tips would be a most useful book, adding to most people's comfort.

The "St. Vincent" was happily launched at Portsmouth on Thursday. This noble ship is the largest that has ever been built at Portsmouth. She is five hundred feet long and displaces 19,250 tons, and it is hoped she will be able to reach a speed of twenty-one knots. Those who have lately seen the huge "Bellerophon" being made at Portsmouth will get a good idea of what these figures mean: the "St. Vincent" is actually between five hundred and a thousand tons above that giant in displacement. It has been computed—though not very scientifically perhaps—that every full-fledged taxpayer in England subscribes on the average about two shillings and sixpence towards a modern battleship. Truly, he gets his money's worth in bulk.

Mr. Orville Wright's successful flight in his aeroplane on Wednesday at Washington places him for the moment in the position of leader of the first flight of aeronauts. The rest can fly more or less; and only a few days ago Mr. Wright had a rival who had sustained himself in the air for a longer time than he had, and performed all the required evolutions quite as dexterously. Now Mr. Wright alone has remained triumphant in mid-air for over an hour—to be precise sixty-two and a half minutes. More than this, by doing so he has fulfilled the conditions which enable him to call on the American Government to purchase the rights in his aeroplane, with some confidence that it

will do so. And already Mr. Metcalf, the Secretary of the Navy Department, has said that he believes the aeroplane is now proved to be sufficiently practical for use in the Navy. But there is a fly in Mr. Wright's ointment. There is a rumour of a wonderful aeroplane to be tried at Washington which is to outdo everything yet known. With aeroplanes it may be as with "Dreadnoughts". No sooner will one be launched with éclat than another will be built to supersede it.

A few intransigent Protestants have of course exclaimed against the Eucharistic Congress being suffered to meet in London: but no one has marked their outcry. This Congress has little, if any, more than historic interest for other than Roman Catholics; but why anyone minds their meeting here, if they like, we cannot understand. Are Secularists and Salvationists and any odd body that will be free to meet and talk in London, and the members of the largest branch of the Church Universal not? We Anglicans are strong enough in our own position to be able to be kindly courteous to Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli and to look on with something more than curiosity at the ceremonies he is to conduct.

On Thursday Tolstoy completed his eightieth year. His is a soul above deputations and crowds of congratulators; hence he has been left at peace by the band of pushful advertisers who long to associate their small names with the names of the mighty in thought. We sympathise not at all with Tolstoy's politics or his wild, strange views as to nationhood. Were they carried out, there would be an end of patriotism, imperialism—an end, indeed, of the whole of our modern system of State-life and rule. Tolstoy seems to us to be a "chaotist". His outburst against his own country when she was involved in a terrible war is hard to forgive. Poor Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's "methods of barbarism" was a mild peccadillo compared with it. But in the world not of politics but of imagination and of character study Tolstoy is the great master. That he is the widest and deepest of living novelists is sure. We in England have had perhaps George Eliot alone to set against him.

Tolstoy has certainly found readers and admirers in England, but we cannot think he has found them among the novel-reading public. That public feeds with a crass appetite on fare that is utterly different from his. The English novel of to-day is pitiable—what use is there in disguising this plain fact? The average six-shilling novel is not any good to anyone. And the humiliating thing is that most foreign countries have each a number of novelists who produce fine work. To say nothing of Russia, France and Germany, poor Scandinavia can beat us hollow in fiction. Ibsen, Björnson and Alvide Prydz are but three of many fine writers there. Yet Björnson has few readers here though he has been put into English; and when Alvide Prydz' noble story "The Heart of the Northern Sea" appeared in English lately it was only read by a few cultivated people! We fear the English novel-reading public is a hopeless case.

One has heard much talk of late years about the sacred "right to work". It sounds noble, but in real life the mass of English people, employed and unemployed, are far more inclined to insist on their right to play. Everything to do with play is a most grave matter in these days. County cricket is ten thousand times more interesting and important to most people than county cruisers. They rarely know the names of these cruisers—they have all the records of the cricketers at their fingers' ends. How important then should the Hambledon celebration, which took place this week, be to all play-loving Britons! Hambledon was the cradle of cricket, and Nyren is in a way the greatest name in the story of the game. And really the celebration has been a pleasant and natural incident. It is a pity we do not play games as our forefathers played them in the days of Hambledon's greatness. Their games were quite as keenly fought as ours; but they were occasional, whereas ours are perpetual. If an invader ever were to land an army, he might find half the manhood of the country playing football or bridge.

A STALE LABOUR PICNIC.

THE Trade Union Congress, which this year has been held at Nottingham, is quite evidently changing its character. It has lost much of its importance, and its interest as a public assembly is gradually diminishing. Compare this year's proceedings with twenty years ago, when the "new unionism", as it was called, made its appearance; or with its debates in 1874, about the time when trade unionism was sending its first two representatives to Parliament, Messrs. MacDonald and Burt. It had met for the first time six years earlier, and it had a programme of reforms which were vital to the existence of trade unionism; and the seven years between 1868 and 1875 saw it carried through in the labour legislation of the Conservative Government, when Lord Cross was Home Secretary. During those years the Congress was the only means by which the views of trade unionism found their public expression, and the popular name of the Trade Union Parliament was significant of public opinion about it. Its debates were followed keenly, as they were the chief indications of the ideas which were agitating the world of trade unionism. The best representatives of the labour movement were in the Congress, and until 1906 very few of them were in Parliament: at the most we believe only about eleven. The increase of Parliamentary representation has done much to diminish the importance and interest of the proceedings at the Congress. One of the most striking changes that have taken place is the tendency to rely less on the action of trade unions. They are being absorbed in larger political movements; and the centre of activity has been transferred from the Parliamentary Committee of the Congress to the Labour Party's Committee in the House of Commons. There was a revival of interest in the Congress when the unions were placed in the most difficult position they had been in for forty years by the decisions in the Courts that their funds were responsible for illegal acts done in the course of trade disputes. The question would have furnished material for years of agitation under the old conditions; and the leaders of it would have been the chief men of the Congress. But the Labour party in Parliament had deposed them; and the whole question was settled with marvellous rapidity. Without the Labour party in Parliament trade unionists would have had to spend years in persuading the country and the Liberal and Conservative parties that their demand for restoration to their original position was just. Very probably they would not have succeeded ultimately. But the matter was settled at a stroke, and for reasons which had nothing to do with the rights or wrongs of it. The Liberal party wanted the support of the Labour members and they bought it with the Trades Disputes Act. After this there could be no doubt that the programme of the Labour party, and not the programme of a purely Trade Union Congress pursuing and adopting purely trade union objects and methods, would represent the real character of all labour movements. The Labour members would be the exponents of them in the constituencies, and during all the Parliamentary year they would be expounding them in Parliament. All the gloss and novelty of every topic would have been taken off, and the Congress would have little to do but discuss affairs with which the public had already become perfectly familiar. The process was pretty well complete when the trade unions decided that their members of Parliament must accept the terms and act under the direction of the Labour Party's Committee.

There were always a great number of demands in the programme of the Congress, years before it was anything but a strictly trade union body, of a political and even socialistic character. Land and railway nationalisation, old-age pensions, schemes for providing for the unemployed, education may be mentioned, with a variety of general political and social questions. They were discussed year after year until all that could be said about them had been said. The fate of the Congress programme became that of the programmes of all annual congresses and associations and societies which can do nothing but talk. They become stale; everybody takes them for mere commonplace; and they attract no attention. And they

were in fact outside the natural sphere of the Congress. The Labour party may take all things under the sun as in its province, and it has succeeded as heir to the socialist or semi-socialist items in the Congress' repertoire. Whether or not it will have more success in persuading the nation to accept them than the Congress has had, it is plain that if trade unionism appears no longer to the members of the unions sufficient for their wider purposes, the Congress has had its day and its influence is well-nigh over. It was founded to be the organ of trade unionism and for no other purpose. When, for example, it proposes a resolution in favour of secular education there is an absurdity as glaring as the impolicy of it. It touches a matter which can have nothing to do with a Trade Union Congress as such: such a question is not a labour but a religious, political, or social one; and it instantly arouses opposition amongst the section of the members who hold quite rightly that the Congress ought not to compromise them by any such decision. As to the impolicy of it, the Congress quite gratuitously sets Liberal Churchmen against it and makes them hostile to their action in other matters. This sort of thing may be done by the Labour party because it is in politics, where all sorts of absurdities and mischievous doctrines may be maintained without involving any special inconsistency. But it is one of the marks of decadence in the Congress that it follows so servilely the lead of the Labour party; and another of the many proofs that it has given itself into its hands. The natural consequence is that the Congress has lost the consideration it once enjoyed. When we want to hear the opinions of the working classes, at least in the ranks of unionism, we turn to their representatives in Parliament and not to the Congress. Mr. Shackleton is in evidence much of the year through, and we do not need to wait until he becomes President of the Congress to know what his opinions are. At one time this knowledge might have been of some interest; now he has been forestalled over and over again. There is no reason for discussing his speech at Nottingham nor any of the other speeches. They have been heard often enough already and will be heard again in October. We can wait till then for everybody's opinion on the Licensing Bill, unemployment, settlement of international differences, and a few other such topics of Mr. Shackleton's speech. One thing at least can be said for Parliament. It can do something more than merely talk. It is not yet a yearly picnic; and a picnic is what the Trade Union Congress has become, as has also happened with other congresses that are living on a past reputation.

THE THREE-COLOUR PROBLEM.

THERE may not appear to be much connexion between the anti-Asiatic action of the Transvaal Government and the visit of the American fleet to Australia, or between the seditious agitation in India, the anti-Asiatic troubles on the western seaboard of North America and the case of Dinizulu in Natal. As a fact the connexion is real. It arises out of the conflict of race and colour, a conflict which in the minds of many carries with it the possibility of Armageddon in the twentieth century. It is a British imperial problem, and a world problem. When America was preparing for the voyage of her fleet it was assumed that her purpose was to attempt the coercion of Japan, with whom her differences had become acute. The appearance of the fleet in Australian waters has been held to imply a warning to the Japanese that the Pacific is the white, not the yellow, man's ocean. Whether that were the object of the much-advertised voyage or not, it synchronises with the uncompromising policy of a White Australia, a policy, racial in its inception, which finds ominous echo in South Africa and in Canada. In India black is eager to challenge the supremacy of white; in Canada and the Transvaal the British Indian is accorded as short shrift as the yellow man in the United States; in Australia, the black man having for all practical purposes been killed off, there is relentless determination to keep out the yellow; in Natal there is the recurrent

native scare ending in measures which aim at the subjection of the virile and fecund Zulu; and in America lynching horrors are constant reminders that the emancipation of the negro has brought black and white into sharper antagonism than existed in slavery days. Europe has from time to time been exercised by the thought that the yellow peril may in the near future become the reality which Charles Pearson predicted, but essentially the racial conflict is as between the English-speaking peoples on the one hand and black and yellow on the other. The problem is one to which British statesmanship and American statesmanship must bend their energies. To allow it to drift is to invite disaster. It demands sympathy with widely differing conditions. "The racial problem", said Lord Curzon some months ago, "must always remain an anxiety, since when excited it is capable of transcending all others in explosive energy and importance." Prejudice is natural, but prejudice will only aggravate matters to a point where settlement may be impossible. White men may not love either black man or yellow; they cannot eliminate him from the world; they cannot hope to hold him in unqualified subjection, and they will not serve the ends of racial peace by an attitude of contempt or resort to mere coercion.

We at home do not always find it easy to appreciate the motives of colonists who take up the white cry. The alien immigrant has been a sore trial to the London worker, and where he settles he has a lamentable effect on the health and morals of his neighbours. If the consequences of the incursion were multiplied a thousandfold we might get some idea of the sort of thing the colonist dreads when Japanese, Chinese or Indians swoop down upon a sparsely settled territory which has been proclaimed British. In Natal the problem is double-headed. There we find the Indians engaged in commercial and other occupations twice as numerous as the whites, and in addition the ever-present possibility of a rising by the most powerful native race perhaps in the world. If we do not attempt to understand the nightmare which the black and yellow peril means to many of our colonies, we shall misinterpret much that they do in the control of warlike natives or the restriction of Asiatic immigration. When, however, we have made every allowance on this score, there arises the question whether the colonies have not gone to unreasonable extremes. We should be more impressed with Australia's white ideal if it were not an exaggerated form of her trade-union action against a good many white immigrants also. If the Australian idea is merely to keep the British stock pure, why embarrass steamship companies which have done their business for half a century and more with the aid of the Lascar? The question here is not so much one of a White Australia as of wages, though to give it effect racial antipathy is invoked. The anti-Japanese demonstrations in California and Vancouver were equally the work of unions trusting for support to the same colour prejudice. For the British Empire this colour problem is peculiarly unfortunate. It strikes at the imperial idea both from the inside and the outside. It has astonished the Japanese to find how little authority Whitehall exercises over distant colonies; it has made the Indian wonder whether the British Raj is a reality or not, and what is the true meaning of British citizenship. If it is essential that we should strive to understand the colonial point of view, it is a first duty on the part of the colonies—a duty we could hardly expect from the Transvaal but do expect from Australia and Canada—not to go beyond the limits of necessary precaution. As Lord Milner said recently, there are sound and reputable reasons for the opposition of the colonies to the settlement of coloured races in their midst, but the measures by which that opposition has been expressed are "harsh and unreasonable". "A narrow outlook and a false political philosophy" not peculiar to the colonies has been responsible alike for "failure to rise to the conception of what is involved in citizenship of a world-wide State" and for a serious aggravation of the race problem within the Empire. Eastern races, whether British allies or British subjects, who have been educated in Western ideas, would show an un-Western patience if they did not resent the disabilities

to which they are subjected because their skin is not of Western hue. Japan by her undertaking to keep her own people as far as possible out of Canada has at least exercised a self-control in the teeth of extraordinary provocation which the yellow-scare mongers interpret as biding her time. Race prejudice could hardly go further.

If the British Empire were properly organised the race question would be much more simple than it is. It could be dealt with as a whole, not piecemeal. In what direction will a solution be found? Will the self-governing colonies ever agree to the full citizenship of the dark races, carrying with it the right to live anywhere within the Empire? No one who realises what they feel in the matter would suggest that so profound a change could be brought about without risk of a dislocation of the whole imperial machinery. The colonies will at all costs insist on strict race protection. Hence white and black within the Empire may have to be in a measure partitioned off. There may have to be zones in which the dark-skinned races are free to settle under the supremacy of the whites, and the sooner they are given the run of certain parts of the Empire the better. British rule has stopped inter-racial and inter-tribal wars in India and South Africa, with the result that the native populations increase at an unprecedented rate. In India as in Zululand some provision must be made for the surplus which would have been killed off in the old days. Mr. Winston Churchill, after his visit to East Africa, endorsed the suggestion that the British Indian denied access to the Transvaal and other parts of South Africa might colonise Uganda. Is there no part of Canada which might be set aside for British Indian settlement? Australia might, without doing violence to the ideal of which we have heard so much, allot the whole of her northern territory to the British Indian colonist. How well the British Indian does as a settler has been proved by the progress of Mauritius in recent years. Australia has vast stretches of tropical country which the white man can never hope to develop properly, but which it is inconceivable that other races who could utilise it will in the hour of necessity not attempt to occupy. Why let the question of colour stand between its settlement and the British Indian? A British Indian colony under the direction of the Commonwealth would be in keeping with the composite character of the whole Empire. It would be no more a jeopardy to a White Australia than is a Maori reserve to the idea of a White New Zealand. The white race, having decided that there is no place for the dark in temperate regions, cannot declare the tropics closed also. Commerce, conscience and common-sense are against any such policy.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

WHEN Tractarianism was gathering head seventy years ago, nothing came so near wrecking the movement, or created such an outcry against "neopopery", as the publication of Isaac Williams' tract on Religious Reserve. Every instinct of British Philistinism was up in arms against so Jesuitical and un-English an attitude of mind. It did not, to be sure, smack of mediævalism, for the mediæval Church had no reason for secretiveness. But it had a flavour of Guy Fawkes and priests'-holes, of disguised seminarists and treatises in seventeenth-century Latin and lonely Lancashire manor-houses, and of the wiles of the hunted badger generally. Everyone remembers Newman's picture of the cowering and abashed Anglo-Romanist community of his day, patient, provincial, cut off from the higher culture as well as from the general stream of Church life, concealing as far as possible its observances from public notice and handing down its faith by a kind of secret tradition. It was not prudent to court hostility, and it was not right to cast what is holy before the dogs.

How entirely a picture of the past this is, the Eucharistic Congress at Westminster this week is the latest and most striking proof. Helbeck of Bannisdale would be amazed to see his Church exalting her mitred front, if not yet in Court and senate, yet in the high places of the people. The Christians of the catacombs would be astonished, and perhaps

scandalised, to know of the holy Things being paraded before a merely gaping multitude. The disciplina arcani is being deliberately cast to the winds and the veil of the temple parted to the vulgar gaze. We do not presume to judge. Clearly a big new departure has been resolved on. London, after all, is almost the only European capital where a procession of the Host could take place without grave danger of profane interruption, or where a great gathering of pontifically vested cardinals and abbots and other prelates could promenade the streets without fear of serious anti-clerical demonstrations. It is evidently expected that the public will be impressed and a little awed. The craving of the human heart for something in rites and visible religion on which to feed the instinct of religious awe is rather starved in England. But here is too direct a challenge and too obvious an advertisement. People have lately seen a good many stage-managed ecclesiastical pageants, and this strikes them probably as something of the same kind. After all, to scholarly minds the ceremonies, whether Latin or Byzantine, of the Congress, are a remarkable externalism of history, a pageantry rather of the past than of the present.

We used the word "advertisement", and what else is the use of congresses? No one is a penny the wiser for the discussions or influenced in the least by the resolutions. A Eucharistic Congress has presumably for its object the ventilation of questions, both practical and theological, connected with the supreme Ordinance—Archbishop Bourne untheologically describes it as the central Mystery—of the Christian religion, the appointed meeting-place of heaven and earth. One would have thought that these problems could be best debated in a select conclave of expert ecclesiastics and doctors. There are certainly a number of highly interesting and important questions about the Holy Eucharist upon which students inside the Roman Church desire careful and unprejudiced discussion. But congresses are given up to theatrical oratory. Robed cardinals and archbishops from all parts of the world are wanted for responsible Councils of the Church, not for speechifying to the public through the medium of reporters and journalists. To most Englishmen there is something not a little repellent in the idea of a congress on such a subject. Our countrymen retain some old traditional prejudices about the "sacrificia missarum", and are inclined to think more of the receptive than of the objective side of the ordinance, to ponder less the awful attributes of the Res sacramenti than the benefits which we receive thereby. But they have a profound veneration for the Holy Eucharist, and, knowing their Church Catechism, are neither Zwinglians nor Virtualists. Perhaps it is Saxon reticence that makes a congress on what the Prayer Book speaks of as "these holy Mysteries" seem strange to them.

Roman Catholicism is seen at its best in England, where it has constantly to be on the watch. Here it is confronted with an exacting public opinion, and with the existence of an historic and powerful national Church, which also claims to be the true and legitimate representative of the Apostolic fellowship in this island. Even by those who deny its Catholic claim the Church of England cannot at any rate be classed with those Calvinistic communities whose ordinations, sacraments, and formularies of faith it consistently rejects. While inorganic Protestantism is everywhere decaying or passing into freethought, the Ecclesia Anglicana, in spite of grave weaknesses and defects, flourishes and extends itself. Spurred by this rivalry the Roman Church in England works its hardest, and the result is of a very high order. Charles Booth thought it the most efficiently worked of all religious communities in this country, and it is to its credit that its influence is responded to so largely by the extreme poor. For all that, we fancy that it is not making any substantial progress here though it gains ground in India and the colonies, where Anglicanism is feeble. Exclude the Irish, and the Roman community in England becomes almost extraordinarily small. And this is remarkable, seeing that the position of the Roman Catholic Church and the character of its doctrine are so much easier for the plain man to understand than the position, both

logical and practical, of the Church of England. People have now no time to study or think things out, and in an age of religious confusion and distraction an august and venerable Church which puts forth a simple and universal claim, and which is adorned by saintly lives and high traditions, might be supposed likely to draw more converts than is the case. The ordinary man does not know how many of its doctrines and claims this supposed uncompromising and unyielding Church has shed—the deposing power, for example, and the right to employ physical force—or how little the current ecclesiastical teaching and practice of the twentieth century resemble those of the fifteenth, or how small a part of the Roman Catholic system is guaranteed by infallible pronouncement. In view, then, of the dying-down of ancient animosities and the forgetfulness of ancient facts, we might be surprised that the Papacy has not made more progress in recovering Albion to the fold than it has done.

The truth is that modern Rome is in danger of ceasing to count intellectually. What giants of thought it produced in the middle ages! Surely intellectuality to-day need not mean rationalism. What thoughtful men complain of is not the authoritative rejection of critical and scientific theories or of the tendencies of the modern age after full examination, but the lofty ignoring of the thoughts and difficulties which are in men's minds. Rome is doing her duty in maintaining every jot and tittle of the faith once delivered to the Saints. We must frankly say that the Loisy-Tyrrell school are embarked upon a revolution which seems likely to break with Christianity altogether. But Rome would prove its strength not by a non possumus, but by setting all its consecrated force to a large and truly theological synthesis of everything that is true and good in the message entrusted to our age with the unalterable Catholic faith. It is not a concession here or there that is wanted, nor yet surrender; but a mighty and in the best sense conservative reconstruction.

THE DUTCH IN SUMATRA.

DISSATISFACTION with Dutch rule in the East Indies, of which there are many signs, is of quite a different growth from the unrest in British India. The question of emancipation has nothing to do with it; Dutch colonial ambition does not tend towards ideals. The cause lies simply in the burden of increased taxation to meet growing expenses. Surpluses, inaugurated by the culture system of van den Bosch, have given way before imperialistic ventures, enterprises like the Atjeh war, now in its fourth decade, involving a maximum outlay and a minimum return for the natives. The equilibrium of the colonial Budget, dependent upon coffee and Banka tin, has in years of bad prices or low production to be restored by new exactions from a people taxable et corvéable à merci. While Atjeh in the north of Sumatra is still unsubdued, Celebes, Borneo, and the exterior possessions generally call for incessant vigilance. The opium-régie was introduced into the island of Bali at the point of the bayonet (the number of killed at Kloengkoeng was one hundred and fifty, among whom were thirty-five women), and from the West Coast of Sumatra has lately come news of fresh troubles for the Dutch. In that part of the island the natives enjoyed an exceptional status as regards taxation. They had their Plakkaat Pandjang, lit. Magna Charta. In 1821, the hadat-party of the Padang Highlands, tired of the conflicts with the Padri, Mohammedan zealots somewhat in the manner of the Wahhabites, offered their submission to the Dutch Government under certain conditions, an assurance being exacted in the first place that no direct taxation should be introduced. This assurance was given, the other conditions were also accepted, and the proclamation of 25 October 1833 embodied the whole agreement; it was the corner-stone of Dutch rule in that region.

The new subjects of the Crown were ordered, in the King's name, to abstain from intertribal hostilities; to dismantle their villages; to assist the proper authority with armed men; to keep the roads and bridges in

repair; to plant coffee and pepper, under reservation of the right to levy import and export duties. The Dutch Government, on the other hand, undertook to arbitrate between quarrelling nagaris, after consultation with the chiefs; to defend a district or village attacked by the contending party in defiance of such arbitration; to protect the population against foreign enemies and to erect fortifications for that purpose; to furnish materials and, if necessary, labourers for the maintenance of roads and bridges; to make the corvées less oppressive; not to intervene in the election of the chiefs or the exercise of their functions in accordance with the hadat; to remunerate some of the chiefs, who were to give information on matters connected with the country's needs and to act as intermediaries between the Government and the natives. The chiefs in general were to decide all differences as to debts, marriage, divorce, inheritance, &c., and criminal offences, except felonies and misdemeanours against the Government, which were to be judged by the madjelis kapala kapala bitjara di Padang, the heads for that purpose convened in the capital; to further the sale of the products of the land by the establishment of goedangs where good and cheap salt could be purchased, and where coffee, pepper, &c., must be sold for the prices then prevalent in the Highlands.

Twenty years later, on 8 April 1853, the Plakkaat Pandjang was declared to apply to all districts under Dutch rule which, at that date, constituted the government of the West Coast of Sumatra, and those eventually to be added thereto. The Government had found the agreement exceedingly profitable, and the natives were constantly reminded of their obligations, especially as to the planting of coffee. They are not likely soon to forget the short injunction of General Michiels, who, one fine morning, called the chiefs together at Boekit Tinggi, and, without warning or previous consultation, delivered himself of the memorable words: tanah darat baik, koppi baik, tanam koppi baik—your ground is good, coffee is good, planting coffee is good. Nothing but the expression of an individual opinion, and not even accompanied by General Michiels' usual admonition: to be attended to within twice twenty-four hours. Nevertheless it was a peremptory command from which the Government coffee business on the West Coast of Sumatra may be said to have originated in its worst form, a source of great gain to Holland and of great annoyance to the natives. Since the famous little speech of General Michiels, orders and contra-orders regarding coffee descended from the central offices at Batavia in rapid succession, often injudicious, sometimes ridiculously impracticable. For instance, there was the direction from the high mandarins of the Government paper mill, that djoear-trees should be planted between the coffee-trees for the sake of shade, a *conditio sine qua non* of coffee-growing. And djoear-trees were planted, notwithstanding the protest of the native chiefs, who respectfully intimated that the old shade trees were better, the roots of the djoear-trees having a bad habit of killing the roots of the coffee-trees. The native chiefs were silenced in their stupid opposition to all brainy innovation, and when the coffee-trees died one after another the high mandarins ascribed the non-success of the brilliant idea to malice. Forced to produce coffee at all costs, the natives, under the responsibility of their chiefs, were made to clear new tracts of land, the djoear undoing their work as soon as it was done, and then da capo. Up to this day extensive forests of djoear show how the natives were kept to an impossible task, while the folly of the instructions ground out by the Government paper mill was proved to be wisdom by the erection of whipping-posts in the coffee plantations for those who remonstrated too loudly or shirked.

The Government, thus resolved to secure the advantages of the Plakkaat Pandjang, did not pay much attention to it on the debit side. A lurid light on this equivocal attitude was thrown by the Chamber of Commerce at Padang in a letter to the Governor-General, dated 13 September 1899, and a petition to the Second Chamber of the States-General, dated 8 November 1899, requesting an increase of the price paid by the Government for the coffee planted by the natives, and demurring to an increase of the price of the salt

which the Government, holding fast to its monopoly, made the natives pay; objection was also taken to the levying of an export duty on forest produce. The Government, however, wanted more revenue, and, far from altering its course, even to the short length of pleasing the Padang trade, began to take the initial steps for the introduction of direct taxation in violation of its pledges. The proclamation of 25 October 1833 had been wrested from the Government, it was now asserted, as the result of the precarious position in which it found itself; the primary object of the Plakkaat Pandjang was to put an end to the Padri war. But the enemy had not responded; in fact, two years later, in 1835, still offered determined resistance. It was not till 1837 that Bondjol, the most formidable stronghold of the rebels, was taken—and this circumstance was made to serve in 1904, when the introduction of direct taxation was finally decided upon, as an excuse for the breaking of promises, given to conciliate the better disposed part of the population in days of trouble, promises solemnly repeated in 1853 to former foes and friends alike. Feeling strong enough to set the Plakkaat Pandjang aside, the Government naturally asked why the West Coast of Sumatra should longer be exempt from direct taxation, a burden bearing daily more heavily on the rest of the Dutch East Indies, especially on the island of Java?

This specious reasoning was intended to make the meditated wrong appear in the light of impartial justice. Why should the Malays of Sumatra's West Coast go scot free, while the Javanese, Sundanese and Madurese had to cover a deficit, occasioned, among other causes, by the disappointing results of the coffee auctions at Padang? To the impartial onlooker there was not enough reason why the Government should seek to indemnify itself for the once enormous profit on coffee by a mode of taxation of all modes the most hateful to the freeborn Malay. Ancient Menangkabau still lives in his memory, and he connects with direct tribute the idea of abject servitude if not slavery.

The reports of the Resident of the Padang Highlands over the months of March and April already spoke of difficulties during the assessment and demonstrations in several places; yet the more serious resistance, first at Loeboeq Basoeng, later in Old Agam and round the lake of Singkarak, found the authorities unprepared, as usual, the Civil Service, more and more reduced to the rôle of a tax-gathering machine, more and more losing touch with the natives. And, also as usual where Mohammedans have differences to settle with Western civilisation, the prang sabil, the Holy War, was preached, fanaticism thriving on discontent primarily not religious in character. Sharp encounters with the insurgents took place in many localities, which pointed to a widely spread movement. The troops, however, hastily reinforced from Batavia, succeeded after a bloody struggle in adjusting the disagreement about the binding character of the Plakkaat Pandjang entirely in favour of the Dutch Government faced by a practically unarmed populace. And there is no doubt that the introduction of direct taxation into the government of the West Coast of Sumatra, of the opium-régie into Bali and thus far opium-free districts, not to speak of other recent measures of the kind, will foster the discontent which exists in the whole of the Dutch East Indies and sooner or later may lead to dangerous complications.

INSURANCE.

PROFIT-SHARING IN FIRE INSURANCE.

WRITING last week about proprietary life offices, we explained that while mutual offices as a class are better than proprietary companies, some policies in some life offices owned by shareholders are better for policyholders than assurance in mutual societies. Somewhat similar considerations apply to fire insurance, which is very seldom conducted on the plan of giving policyholders a share in the profits. The great majority of the fire companies are associated in the Fire Offices Committee, which settles a tariff of premium rates, and has decreed that no profit-sharing fire company shall be allowed to join the committee. Some old profit-sharing fire companies formerly

belonged to the Fire Offices Committee, but were conveniently got rid of by being purchased by purely proprietary companies.

It should not be overlooked that the mere fact that most fire offices do not give their policyholders any share in the profits leaves the essentially mutual character of fire insurance untouched. Policyholders by paying their premiums to a fire insurance company co-operate in order to pay annually the average cost of the damage done by fire to such premises as their own instead of having to face a serious loss which might occur at any moment. The fire companies are merely a means of making possible this mutual co-operation among policyholders, and taking the policyholders as a whole they obtain very good value for their money from the fire insurance companies. Shareholders receive only a small proportion of the premiums paid. This, added to the interest from large funds which supplies a large portion of the shareholders' dividends, yields the proprietors a very good return upon the original capital subscribed. Doubtless these large funds have been accumulated out of profits in the past, but they are a source of security to the policyholders and enable the insured to get complete protection at a very moderate cost. Policyholders would do well in selecting a fire office to choose one that had, in the course of many years, accumulated large reserves: by doing this the policyholders of to-day reap the benefit of the prudent management of the fire offices in the past.

There is no practical reason, however, why a good deal of fire insurance business should not be conducted on the plan of giving policyholders a share in the profits, and to a limited extent the business is conducted on these lines with conspicuous success by the old Essex and Suffolk Fire Insurance Society. While the majority of fire offices in no way over-charge their policyholders, it must be admitted that the least risky kind of business, which involves the lowest rates of premium, yields the largest rate of profit to the insurance companies, and helps to make up for the losses or the small profits on the more hazardous risks. The safer class of business could undoubtedly be conducted at a lower rate of premium than is at present charged for it, as is abundantly proved by the low loss ratio of companies confining their attention to the United Kingdom and to the least hazardous class of business. Private householders insured for small amounts, and paying their fire premiums annually, have to pay so little for fire insurance that a process of profit-sharing would involve a great deal of work in the distribution of very small sums. If, however, people pay in a single sum six times the annual premium for insurance for seven years the system of profit-sharing becomes thoroughly feasible and produces a large reduction in the cost of fire insurance. The Essex and Suffolk, for instance, has shareholders who receive a dividend of 5 per cent. on the paid-up capital, but cannot receive any further dividend until certain of the policyholders have had a bonus equivalent to 50 per cent. upon their premiums. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the Insurance Committee of the Land Agents' Society "feel themselves justified in drawing the attention of members of the society to the Essex and Suffolk Insurance Society as being the company with which, from all points of view, the most satisfactory arrangements for insurance against fire can be made".

To a great deal of insurance business profit-sharing methods could scarcely be applied: where they are feasible they are most attractive. There is plenty of scope for both methods of working, and the discriminating policyholder will choose the plan that is best suited to his own circumstances.

THE LATTER END OF FAUST.

By H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY.

EVERY legend that survives the ages shows the manipulation of the centuries through which it has come. One might almost say that its survival depends on its possessing this adaptability, this character of an accommodating immortality. Of that no apter instance could be adduced than Faust. Three hundred years ago what could have seemed less likely than the

vitality of the tale to-day: three hundred years ago, when the very stagecraft at His Majesty's would have been considered better evidence than will his acting of Mr. Tree's identity with the Evil One?

For the story of Faust depended for its interest not only on a condition of unenlightenment, but on a distinct preference for that condition. It was not a concocted story. Dr. Johann Faustus was a real person; he may have been, indeed, several real people. But clouded though his story became by confusion with others who aped his greatness, it crystallises that tragic struggle of the mind's aspiration with consecrated ignorance which produced so much real drama in the Middle Ages.

It was not that, of course, to its time; but it was far nearer that than to the Faust story of to-day. The theme, even then of a ripe age, which Marlowe used, was a drama of the mind, not of the senses: it was the story of a sage "glutted with learning's golden gifts", who, suffocated by the intolerance of his time, saw hope of enlightenment only with the Devil's assistance.

That was of a breathless fascination for the sixteenth century, but what chance had it of survival to ours? The struggle for knowledge is a commonplace in which we are only interested so far as it yields us fresh facilities for health and pleasure: in magic we regret our incompetence to believe; the Devil has become, as may be seen any night at His Majesty's, almost a comic character. "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus" seemed to possess every quality which should assist its removal by the flight of time.

It was arrested by German sentiment, and Goethe's in particular. Goethe was not the inventor of Gretchen: she had found her way a century before into a Faust ballad, as doubtless she had once had her way with Faust; but she had to wait for the prototype of Werther to be exchanged in the Faust drama for the discarded interest of the imagination.

Goethe, sensitive before his time, as is the way of greatness, to the destined femalising of romance, felt the necessity of the altered interest; but Goethe was a philosopher as well as a sentimentalist, and the problems of his "Faust" are far from being centred in Gretchen's chamber. His play, as may be seen to-day in Germany, is almost boring in its interminable intellectuality. We feel from the first the personality of the deep, puzzled, passionate thinker, worthy of that wager of Der Herr, which gives, by the way, much more plausibility to the efforts of Mephistopheles than when, as at His Majesty's, the selection of the test case rests with the Tempter.

We feel, as Faust feels, his superiority to the power of evil; there is a strength, a knowledge, a consciousness behind his contempt. "Thou—what hast thou—poor devil!" Before the woman comes upon the scene, the man's master-spirit has taken possession, and holds the stage to the very end.

All that is now altered; it was bound to be. When Goethe handed over Faust to the feminine spirit he decreed the obliteration, sooner or later, of its masculine element. In that obliteration the musicians have all taken a hand; Gounod was the worst of them, and only Berlioz evaded it by his greater preference for the Devil; till now, so contemptuous are we of Mephistopheles and so indifferent to Faust, the very title of the play might serviceably be changed to "The Redemption of Margaret".

Not, be it understood, that the version of Messrs. Stephen Phillips and J. Comyns Carr differs indictably from that of Goethe; the differences are almost wholly of suppression, the additions scarcely more than of accent; but in a play the length of Goethe's suppression may mean an upset of balance, and the accent be made to fall decisively on what remains.

The masculinity of the Middle Ages shrank neither from making compacts with the Devil nor from paying the price of them. Marlowe, who could paint such terror of despair, never dreamt of rescuing Dr. Faustus from his bond; never even assigned to Faustus any hope of shirking it. "Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned; the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus."

But the femininity of the twentieth century does not believe in having to pay for anything; affects "the

larger hope" that there is a way round every bargain, especially those made with the Devil, which result in such dust-and-ashy sort of joys. And to that femininity what more alluring provision of escape from the consequences of sin and folly than redemption by the woman-soul?

That is, therefore, the central motive of our modern "Faust"; it is that conviction which our hero hurls at his astounded purchaser; he admits the possibility, indeed, of a kind of purgatory, but his "purgatorial path" is that which most of us mistake for a terrestrial vocation—healing the sick, devising aqueducts, draining marshes, building sea-walls. By this "straightway of repentance" he is to leave the Devil behind him, and fight "Up! ever upward to the woman-soul!"

It is a most consoling and popular prospect, but it does not add strength to the play. Faust, already stripped of his learning, is thus depleted also of most of his virility.

To retain our sympathies on the side of his redeeming aspiration to the woman-soul a good deal of theatrical gauze is kept between us and his at one time rather voluptuous nature. His first entrance to Margaret's chamber would not disturb a mouse; he is resolved never again to seek it, and at its neatness and poverty he "lies o'erwhelmed in the pure trance of love".

In that he follows Goethe's hero, but Goethe's Faust is a different gentleman. Long before he arrives at Margaret we have realised him as a person of tremendous qualities, and his tenderness in her chamber is only a fresh tribute to them instead of an incriminating suggestion of vapidness, which is enforced by every scene in which he struggles with the consequence of his desires.

It is thus that Marlowe's imposing tragedy has been transformed, with Goethe's assistance, into a gentle modern drama of sentiment, in which all ends happily for everyone but the Devil; for the last scene in the skies shows us Faust rising, clad in cloth of gold, to Margaret's arms, shielded from the Prince of Evil by a wobbly-winged archangel. Even the Devil seems in a fair way to being redeemed by the discovery that all the efforts of his malevolence only result in good.

No serious admirer of his art will imagine that Mr. Tree finds artistic quality in such a "Faust". It is obviously designed for the many who take an interest in stage carpentry on a large scale, and it ought by its mechanical dexterity to keep them amused for some time to come. But even for these there might be an improvement by the use of a little less light, especially upon the archangels, which are really a distinct encouragement to evildoers. For acting there is seldom much chance when the figures are so much smaller than the scene. Mr. Tree is as good as he was sure to be as Mephistopheles, persuading us of everything but his affinity with the Devil. Mr. Ainley has very little chance in the amended Faust, but Miss Marie Löhr makes of Margaret the one moving thing in the play. Her inclination to Faust when he kneels to her in the garden expresses with the most persuasive beauty her maiden tenderness and humility.

What one misses most in such a rendering is the lapsing power of theatrical art to stir in us any sense of fear or horror, or, one might almost add, of envious desire. This Prince of the Power of the Air can neither frighten nor tempt us. Is not that a dire confession about such a play as "Faust", which should be compact of temptation and fear? Yet our minds are still quite accessible to these emotions, even through the machinery of the stage. But we have passed the point where tragedy gained power by realistic imitation, and it must go back to suggestion to regain its thrill. The message of His Majesty's "Faust" is for children only. Alas! that there should still be so many of them.

HALS AND REMBRANDT.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

A MORE imposing representation of Frans Hals has for long been among the needs of the National Gallery. Hitherto we have had to be content only with a pair of small portraits. Now we have a Hals of an importance which no country but his own

can rival. Sir Charles Holroyd and the Trustees are to be congratulated on an acquisition which the judgment of the nation will hardly fail to agree in applauding and confirming. How so fine a picture (to say nothing of its size) and so manifest a Hals could have lurked so long unknown to the world and even, if report be true, to its owner, is a marvel. It is quite possible to be disappointed in the picture and to find fault with it. It abounds in passages of force and beauty; the children especially are painted with that charm of frank and fresh reality of which Hals was master, and there are subdued tones of plum-colour and tawny and russet in the dresses which are admirably set off by the prevailing blacks and greys. But in the picture as a whole there is undeniably a certain heaviness. In part this is due to the want of animation in the central figure, the seated father of the family; he is a dull man with a big nose, and looks rather bored and awkward, quite a contrast to the two women, who are more interesting than the women of this artist usually are. But still more this effect is due to the sombre mass of conventional foliage behind the figures, which seems like a gloomy cloud settling on their heads. One craves more air and space at the top of the design. Hals would have been happier with a more festive scene. When he has to paint a group of comrades gathering to a banquet, each with a laugh or a jest addressed to no one in particular, with what triumphant ease he brings us into the presence of jovial men abounding in life and spirits! He uses his brush with a kind of animal relish in the strokes of it; colour is like good wine to him, it flushes the canvas and radiates gaiety. He becomes irresistible. Our new National Gallery picture cannot rival the most glowing of the famous Haarlem pictures in this respect. It is a family group: and how few are the family groups that even the greatest of painters have triumphed with!

Yet when all criticisms are made it is a picture which at last realises Hals, the second master of Holland, for the English student. He is there, opposite the Rembrandts, in his bigness, his ease, and his breadth. Hals was born in Antwerp, and perhaps the expansive manner of the Antwerp school counted for something in the choice of a style, naturally congenial to his instincts, by which he stands apart from the rest of the Dutchmen. For it is odd that Hals and Rembrandt, each of whom is so genuine a child of his race, should provide so complete a contrast. Rembrandt starts his development from Elsheimer, that most interesting German painter who, like Claude, was to originate so much out of the decay of the great Italian period; it begins with small figures and concentrated lighting, a style congenial to Rembrandt's native instincts towards intimacy of feeling and intensity of presentment. But how Rembrandt grows with every new step he takes! When we begin to contemplate Rembrandt's work, with its inexhaustible depth and variety, Hals recedes into another sphere. In a sense it is true that Rembrandt begins where Hals leaves off. Even though the latter is unrivalled in his portrait groups, when we travel from Haarlem to Amsterdam and face the Night Watch where it is now housed and lighted in its glory apart, this picture, much more liable to criticism as it is, quite effaces the splendours of the Haarlem pieces.

The variety and richness of Rembrandt's work make it a very difficult subject to analyse in exhaustive fashion, if the writer wishes to be readable. Professor Baldwin Brown's recent volume ("Rembrandt." By G. Baldwin Brown. Duckworth) suffers in this respect. No one could be more thorough or conscientious in his study of the actual works at first hand, of the original documents, of the literature of the subject. The author has knowledge, enthusiasm, and an analytic gift which enables him to make a number of interesting fresh points on detail, in the course of his studious examination of Rembrandt's art. And yet the book fails to stimulate one as much as did the little volume published by M. Bréal a few years ago, limited though that was and full of *parti pris*. Mr. Baldwin Brown would, in fact, interest us more if he were less fair-minded, and also if he were less exhaustive, though as a full and accurate commentary on the master's

life and work, it is a valuable book of reference. In one of his chapters, however, I cannot help noticing a curious criticism. Writing of Rembrandt's faults and shortcomings, he sums them up as part of the master's "amateurishness". The use of the word is unhappy, though it is only intended to mean the tendency to experiment and take risks, with consequent uncertainty of achievement, as contrasted with the "professional" habit of knowing one's limits and keeping to what can be done with certainty of success. This uncertainty in Rembrandt's work, according to Professor Brown, detracts from its artistic quality. But is it not absurd to associate with an artist's faults just that element from which his supreme triumphs spring, and without which they could never have been achieved? Without this lively, restless spur from within Rembrandt would not have grown as he did from youth to age, always seeking something fresh from his materials, and continually surpassing himself. It would be much more true to say that the "uncertainty" in his work heightens, and immeasurably heightens, its artistic quality; for the uncertainty resulted far more often in glorious success than in failure. It is by his capacity for constant mental growth maintained to the end that Rembrandt stands out as a perfect type of the true artist. To talk of amateurishness is only confusion. Mr. Baldwin Brown's criticism is not often so infelicitous.

This volume is one of that "Red" series which is without doubt the best and most serious of the many competing collections of books on art and artists now in the field. Rembrandt has been made the subject of a little monograph in another series, that published by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack under the title of "Masterpieces in Colour". This has the interest of being written by the painter Josef Israels, though it does not pretend to be more than a pleasant gossip. The books are cheap and popular—the price is 1s. 6d.—and the chief feature in them is the illustrations, which are all in colour. The results attained by the process are remarkably unequal. In the Millais volume, for example, the luminous effect of the "Vale of Rest" is far more successfully given than the glow of "Autumn Leaves". But as a rule the process fails with transparent colour, while fairly competent to render solid colour. There are those who contend that a black-and-white reproduction is always preferable to a coloured one. But though the latter often gives a misleading idea of the real colour relations of the picture, and never can render the quality of the original colour, we are apt to forget how falsifying a black-and-white reproduction from a photograph, by whatever process, can also be. Get together a set of reproductions from any famous picture, and see what different ideas they suggest. From the "Syndics" and the "Night Watch" of Rembrandt, as reproduced in Mr. Baldwin Brown's book, no one would have the faintest conception of the effect of the originals. They are rendered in colour in this popular series; and though the process seems to be less successful with Rembrandt than with any other painter, the suggestion of the original is far less remote.

In my last article, owing to a misunderstanding of the printer's which I had no opportunity to correct in time, I appeared to state that Tintoret painted Sidney's portrait. So far as I know, the only portrait of Sidney made in Venice was by Veronese.

JUST YORKSHIRE!

THE first-class cricket season of 1908 has been very domestic, and so—not unnaturally—very dull. The oligarchy of English cricket decreed that the year should be dedicated to the cult of county championship cricket, immune from the counter-attraction of a visit from a colonial team. In the natural sequence of triennial visits the Australians proposed that they should come here this summer, but the governing body of English cricket, having last winter sent an unrepresentative team of Englishmen to suffer disastrous defeat in Australia, signified to our conquerors that an Australian invasion of this country would not this season be well. Thus an ideal summer as regards

weather and wickets has been given up to the county championship, and cricket-lovers, *faute de mieux*, have been coerced into paying their languid attentions to the miserly methods, stale statistics, and tiresome tyranny of that oppressive organisation. If there were any difficulty, no matter how elementary, in solving the problem as to which English county can put the most successful eleven into the field we would extend some sympathy to the gallant but futile efforts of Derbyshire, Somerset, Kent, Northampton to win an odd match or to draw an even one.

But the history of this championship during the past ten years demonstrates that there is one county, and Lord Hawke its captain. Figures represent the very worst side of cricket, and we decline to deal with them, but we believe it is the fact that in the last nine years Yorkshire have been proclaimed champions many times, and no other county more than once.

We know that it possesses many cricket centres. Think of Sheffield, with the smoke; Bradford, with the barrackers; Leeds, with the bad light; Huddersfield, Harrogate, Hull, and Halifax, suggestive each in its alliterative way of ghostly cricket in a region where no pass-back checks are issued at the turnstiles after four o'clock. What ordinary pastoral county could ever hope successfully to invade such a cricket population as this, probably greater than that of any two counties combined? Now if we may depend upon the faith of our fathers as to the extensive acreage of Yorkshire, and upon the stern reality of the balance-sheets of the Yorkshire Cricket Club, we reach the conclusion that so far as cricket in Yorkshire goes there must be plenty of patrons, plenty of players, and plenty of pelf.

We once heard a gentleman say "*Vis consili expers mole ruit sua*". And we thought of sunny days many years ago when we saw a team of Yorkshire professionals do badly, although each man had made a great name as a cricketer. There is no room in the Yorkshire eleven for an alien or an outcast from another county, with the striking exception of the captain, and Lincolnshire has been prompt to claim the proud honour of his birthplace. As no alien, but as one coming into his kingdom, Lord Hawke has for a quarter of a century controlled the destinies of Yorkshire so admirably that, no longer *consili expers*, the great county vires acquirit eundo. Let us look at the champion county. Just Yorkshire! Lord Hawke, in the opinion of many, the greatest captain the cricket world has seen, supported by a team of sturdy and earnest professionals. All the team can bat well, all the team can field more than well, and those who are required to bowl do it so effectually that in the averages of bowlers for this season the four men at the top of the list are all Yorkshiremen! There is a very powerful reserve of professional talent, as was made apparent when Haigh was on the sick list and Newstead—the revelation of the year—took his place and straightway perched at the top of the tree. Nor does the casual amateur any longer derange the side by occasional appearances. Mr. Stanley Jackson, good at the war-cry, perhaps the very best in the world at a crisis, is ready to lend his aid when needed, but Yorkshire have no longer in their little army any room for an underdone recruit. With Lord Hawke as captain, supported by a profusion of professional talent and plenty of money, Yorkshire are well qualified for many years to come to maintain a two-power cricket team and to retain the supremacy of the county championship cricket.

An unsuccessful batsman once told us that there is a lot of luck in cricket—mostly bad. We feel sure that this year the captain of Yorkshire might be inclined to endorse this sentiment with the exception of the last word, for which he might substitute the word "good". To play a very extensive card of matches and never suffer defeat is a very big thing, and with bad luck perhaps impossible. Occasionally in late years Yorkshire has struck a bit of bad luck, and by some freak of fortune has not been officially branded champion under the peculiar system of scoring points which prevails. A few years ago Middlesex, that cosmopolitan combination, composed largely of imported aliens and outcasts from other counties, found themselves at the head of the table. Through a disaster to the last Yorkshire batsman at Cheltenham on 25 August 1906—Ringrose,

lbw, b Jessop, o—Yorkshire were beaten by Gloucestershire by one run, and Kent could claim the championship, although beaten by Yorkshire. That autumn was rendered glorious by the mutual admiration of the Men of Kent for Kentish men, and vice versa, whilst Kentish fire was the most popular of combustibles what time the county of hops—some longer than others—glorified in the triumph of figures over facts and their butterfly championship. Next Notts came out top in 1907, with Kent away down the course. But two bowlers cannot make a county, and notwithstanding every effort Notts are now half-way down the list again. Notts may come and Kent may go, but Yorkshire goes on for ever, at any rate during the life of Lord Hawke, and we hope none will deny our postulate, let it be granted that there is one county and Lord Hawke its leader. Now that the supremacy of Yorkshire over the other counties is established, as we hope for many years to come, we may without apology urge the universal desire of all cricketers who are not wrapped up in county cricket.

There is a prevailing wish to see colonial cricket in this country. To Australia we owe a deep debt of gratitude for the sport she has shown us and the lessons she has taught us. Africa, as a new chum amongst our cricket colonies, has already shown us the importance of deft manipulation of methods and men both on and off the field. With all of us zeal and enthusiasm should be more concentrated upon the welfare of the country at cricket than upon the success of a single county. In proof of this let us recall the recent demonstration in the columns of the "*Sportsman*", when the patriotic spirit, suppressed throughout the summer by the absence of an Australian team, burst forth in a spontaneous shower of letters to the editor, selecting, according to the views of the various writers, a representative team of England to be put into the field against—no one. Recent experiences tend to teach us that in the case of the representatives of some counties the best that can be said of England is that next to their county she may perhaps hold the foremost place in their hearts. Surely it will be better for cricket throughout the world when we accept the fact that Yorkshire possesses a two-power standard in county cricket, and we need not again devote a season of English cricket to demonstrate her champion superiority. Then, with this mighty championship regarded as a secondary consideration, we may enjoy alternate visits from Australia and Africa, with the interest of so-called test-matches. Counties will be enriched, players will gain fresh laurels, spectators and gossips will be delighted, and England will probably win, so everyone should be very well pleased.

THE DRIVER.

IT seems to be agreed on all hands that, as far as London goes, the horse omnibus is doomed; that, without living to any inordinate age, we shall see it disappear from the streets. Nor, perhaps, will it be much regretted. The veriest optimist who, trusting to the swing of the pendulum, holds that man will some day return to slower, saner methods, reserving high speed for emergencies, would hardly include the omnibus among the antiquities he desired to restore. Even after garden seats had superseded the *primaeva* knife-board, it was not a comfortable vehicle. Its only merit was the opportunity its height and slow pace afforded of studying the buildings and the crowds of London. The driver indeed had, according to the last-century humorists, the Leeches and Keenes, a pretty wit. The Sydney Smith of the street, jokes were fathered on him by the score. But it is doubtful whether many of them were his own. As a fact he was commonly a grumpy person not given to conversation. If, like Gilbert's bishop, "Every blessed day that 'bus you rode outside from Fulham town both up and down", he would ultimately thaw enough to "pass the time of day". But you had to go through much to gain very little, for his wit, when you did tap it, was often flat.

But the driver of the country omnibus is a different being. Him, we trust not to live to see replaced by

petrol and electricity. To see him at his best his acquaintance should be made where his daily drive is long: the hotel omnibus which "meets all trains" at a country station (always excepting that particular one by which you arrive) is of no use for the purpose. On long roads he takes the place of the old stage-coachmen, without the swelled head which, according to Borrow, finally caused that fraternity to be abhorred of all.

There is a little town in Kent, very pretty and very proud, known to most by name and to few by residence, which produces excellent specimens of the country omnibusman. Till a very few years ago it boasted no railway. Boasted, we say advisedly. For where was another real town, fifty miles from London, with a live mayor rattling his gold chain and everything handsome about it, that had no railway station within nine miles? People came to live there on that account alone, and remained to bless the happy thought that brought them. Six years ago, if you needs must go by rail, the only public conveyance to the station was by one of the omnibuses. They ran to three winds of heaven, south to the Cinque port of which the little town is a "limb", east to the market town of Ashford, north to Maidstone—long drives all. Nowadays there is a railway. Fortunately it is a very little one, a light railway that hardly disfigures; and that, as yet, has not had power to destroy the omnibus.

For the inside of this conveyance little can be said. No carriage of its configuration can be comfortable. Laws of nature, not to be broken with impunity, forbid comfort to him who is carried sideways. To enjoy his drive the traveller should go on the box. Then, if he departs as he came with no new light on love or liquor, good sooth the traveller is to blame and not the driver of the country omnibus.

Driving daily his allotted thirty to forty miles, he knows them as can no other. Knows every house and tree, every man, woman, and child, every horse and cow in the pastures, almost every sheep. His knowledge of Christian names is, to the outsider, prodigious. The housewives, indeed, get from him their due prefix of Mrs., but all others—men and boys, girls and tiny tots toddling to school—he calls by their "first name". He might be godfather to half-a-dozen parishes. Spending his week on the box, it is wonderful how he is so intimate with every family on the road, knowing their short and simple (to us long and complicated) annals by heart—where each daughter is in service and each son working, whose cow is ill, where the Goodman is on the look-out for a likely pig, and where such pig is to be found. To be sure, he carries verbal messages for half a countryside as well as luggage and passengers. In his memory and exactitude the roadside and a margin of a couple of miles on each side of it place implicit confidence. Any breakage a little beyond local ability to repair is entrusted, with security, to the omnibusman. You break, for example, your pet umbrella. Take it to the roadside when he is due; say simply, "To be mended". So accustomed is he to all and sundry commissions that he will not even stop his horses, but takes it from your hand and is gone. Next day he brings it back, whole. If you took it to the shop yourself you would have to wait a week and then not get it. But the omnibus-driver, man of many commissions, is a power in his town. By some unknown means he compels prompt obedience.

His stoppages are short and far between. Climbing nimbly down and up, he collects here a few sieves of fruit from a small grower, there a small boy going to school, and deposits his heavier goods. Light parcels he hurls dexterously into outspread aprons or pitches neatly into the long grass by the gate. For he is a bit of an autocrat, and if you are not there to receive your parcel—you may stoop to pick it up. He knows, by instinct, when you have anything to entrust to him, and announces his approach by shrilly whistling. The only thing that seems to ruffle him is disappointment in such expectation. When he wastes a whistle he mutters, "Quite thought she'd have something for me this morning", but soon returns to his placid gossip. Scandal he, as a rule, avoids. If pressed, he is apt to pretend ignorance—a pose which to those aware of his all-knowingness does not carry conviction. But it

imposes silence, which is his object: it is not his business to carry scandal. Politics, again, leave him cold. The advocates of votes for women invaded his town a few weeks ago and he had the driving of them back to the station. Asked at the inn where he changed horses the customary question, he elected to have "a nice cigar". Female converse, as a rule, is his delight, but "these ladies", quoth he, "can only talk politics". Questioned at a subsequent meeting as to the impression left by their utterances, he thought that they made out a good case. But for his life he could not understand why they wanted votes. His vote was only a nuisance to him, a responsibility from which he would gladly be freed.

On subjects within his limits he talks cheerfully, shrewdly, and incessantly. He is not quite pleased when strangers interrupt to ask him if he is sure to be in time for their train, but his only revenge is, on arrival, to say rather pointedly to the doubter, "You have five minutes to get your ticket". His intimates know that he prides himself on never, in twenty years' driving, having missed his train.

How, driving in all weathers the same road every day, he has managed to preserve himself so cheerful, is the wonder. That he has done it is certain. Long may it be before improvement sweeps him from the road; we do not expect ever to enjoy the company of the chauffeur who will oust him as we do his. No offence to the chauffeur. Perhaps it is hereditary prejudice which makes us reluctant to speak to the man at the wheel.

"IMPRESSIONS OF HENRY IRVING."*

By MAX BEERBOHM.

A VERY pleasant book, this, on a level far above the usual books about deceased actors. It is usually by some hack-journalist, who knew the deceased slightly, or by some pious understrapper who knew him too well, in too special a relationship, to have the faintest notion of what he roundly was like, that such memoirs are undertaken. Mr. Pollock has the prime advantage of being a man of letters; so that we can read with pleasure what he writes. And he has the corollary advantage of having met Irving on more or less equal terms. For many years there was an intimate friendship between the two men; nor was Mr. Pollock so spell-bound by Irving in private life that he could not detect, here and there, some little fault in this and that of Irving's performances on the stage, and point them out to Irving, who, like all men of active and creative mind, was always ready to learn from anyone who had anything to teach him. Mr. Pollock's hero was, in some measure, also his comrade. And in the form of this book there is an appropriate free-and-easiness. Analyses of Irving's various conceptions, and descriptions of his "business" at such and such a moment, are mingled, in the haphazard way of table-talk, with reflections on the art of acting in general, and with anecdotes about the great man and his friends. There is a delightful glimpse of Mounet-Sully, about to start on a journey from London to the south coast, and being taught "some dozen complete English phrases" by Mr. Pollock and Robert Louis Stevenson. Why does that glimpse stand out so delightfully? There are a score of glimpses of Irving, not less vivid, not less amusing in themselves. Why does this one outstand? Because, I fear, "R. L. S." is in it. Him I never met; and not even he can have had a personality stranger or more magical than was Irving's as I so well remember it. And yet Stevenson is more real to me, means and matters more to me, than Irving. He worked in a durable medium. His work survives; and so he survives with it. Irving is but a memory, to be conjured forth from darkness. Mr. Pollock himself speaks of "the hard fate" of actors in all ages, and tries to console himself and them with "the fame, to take two instances, of Roscius and of Garrick". But, frankly, who cares twopence about either Garrick or Roscius? Suppose there were living at this moment some extremely old gentleman who

* By W. H. Pollock. Longmans, Green, & Co. 1903. 3s 6d.

had seen them both, and remembered both of them distinctly, should we—even the most stage-struck among us—be very keen to read that old gentleman's book of reminiscences? However great his skill in writing, he would not give us any clear or trustworthy vision, would not make us participate in his own enthusiasm. Mr. Pollock, very rightly, does not essay the impossible task of displaying Henry Irving's art to posterity. He writes solely for those who have seen Irving, taking all the essentials for granted, and pausing over just this and that incidental detail that may have escaped our notice, or may have been misunderstood. And already, despite the glow of his interest, these details have something of the dryness of archæology—the dryness that clings about things that are over and cannot be renewed. Despite Mr. Pollock's glow, I am conscious of a severe chill when he speaks of "the always charming Nelly Moore", "the always excellent acting of Mead", "Fri. Ulrich, then in the zenith of attraction and of dramatic subtlety and power", "Dettmer, who died all too young". Even had Dettmer lived just long enough for me to see him and to applaud him frantically, I should not now be very much interested in my recollection of him. But then, of course, I have not the advantage that Mr. Pollock has: the advantage of being a really ardent playgoer, to whom the theatre is a temple of high ecstasies. I can enjoy a theatre, when there is a good new play well-acted. "The" theatre means little to me; and its past, nothing.

It is only outside the theatre, in the contemplation of life at large, that I get my high ecstasies. And thus, since Irving was certainly one of the most remarkable personages of his day, the parts of Mr. Pollock's book that most interest me are those in which he tells us of Irving as he knew him in private life. Every one, even the least sensitive one, the most impervious one, who ever met Irving, must have in some measure felt the magnetism of the man. Mr. Pollock, as I have said, did not succumb so utterly that he could not be a useful friend, an adviser. Yet he succumbed rather too far to be now able to give us of Irving a portrait that we can accept as perfect. He was not, indeed, so magnetised that he did not ask Irving whether the guests for supper on the stage of the Lyceum, all crowded under a marquee, would not fare badly in case of fire. Irving soothed him by revealing to him "some" of the precautions, "which alone would have been enough to reassure the most timid. And," adds Mr. Pollock, ashamed, in retrospect, of his misgivings, "if the marquee itself had suddenly come crashing down I feel sure it would have been a case not of 'impavidum' but of 'impavidos ferient ruinae'." Irving's presence and demeanour would have reassured all who were tempted to panic, while his quiet commands would have brought order from chaos. I am afraid that I, suddenly buried under a heavy and inflammable sheet with a hundred other people, should have been one of "those who were tempted to panic," and that even the "presence and demeanour" of my host, similarly buried somewhere but issuing "quiet commands", would not have sufficed to make a man of me. Perhaps I should have felt all right if I had been, like Mr. Pollock, constantly in touch with Irving, and charged thoroughly with his magnetism. And then perhaps, too, I should, like Mr. Pollock, not dare to breathe on the legend that Irving was, in addition to his genius for acting, a great scholar and a man of exceedingly fine taste in literature. Mr. Pollock must know, none better, how absolute a legend this is; but he will not breathe on it. In "Much Ado About Nothing" Irving "by an oversight fell upon employing an entirely modern phrase" as an "aside" in one of the dialogues with Beatrice. Some weeks later Mr. Pollock saw the play again, and the offending "aside" was still in use. Then he spoke to Irving, who was grateful for the hint. For "by an oversight" read "because he did not know better". Left to act for himself, Mr. Pollock was always bold enough to help Irving in matters of literature. But he was, on one occasion at any rate, easily deflected by "a light, meaning touch" on his arm from one of "the trusted and confidential marshals" who guarded Irving's majesty. One evening "Irving was sympathetically and generously

enthusiastic over Tennyson's work, and, referring to the beautiful lines beginning 'There was a little fair-hair'd Norman maid'—a speech which he always delivered as one rapt in it—he expressed a strong doubt if there was anything in Shakespeare to be preferred to it". Mr. Pollock, "startled"—but was he really startled?—"by such a delivery from such a source", was about to protest, when he felt the afore-said touch on the arm, and said nothing. I wonder if it was Mr. Loveday, that faithful henchman, who administered the touch. Irving was trying various sets of sledge-bells for "The Bells". He "began to eliminate them one by one until one set was left for final consideration. Then he listened more carefully than ever to that set, and then he turned to Mr. Loveday, a very accomplished musician, and said: 'Now, isn't that the right set?'—a question which provoked an emphatic 'Not a doubt about it'—an answer which Mr. Pollock offers as a proof of Irving's omniscience, and not as having the slightest element of comedy in it.

Irving had many faithful henchmen, of various grades. I think, however, that Mr. Pollock goes rather too far in saying that he inspired "a real affection in all—actors, supers, and stage-hands alike, who ever worked with or under him". That he was much loved by many people is quite true. It is a saying that would be equally true of any man of genius. Whistler, for example, was much loved by many people. But he was not, in the ordinary sense of the word, "loveable". As a rule, he inspired fear rather than love. I would not say that of Irving; though I would say that in the love he inspired there was always a strong admixture of fear, and that in many cases the fear he inspired was (as a matter of common knowledge) not mitigated by love. In every man there is a mixture of kindness and unkindness. In Irving both these qualities existed in a very high degree; and the number of wonderfully kind things that he is known to have done is hardly greater than the number of wonderfully unkind things that he is known to have said. When Richard Mansfield was playing Hamlet in London, he told Irving, at supper, how awful the spiritual exigency of the part was to him, how he suffered all that Hamlet suffered, not only during the performance, but throughout all the hours of day and night. After Mansfield had dilated at tremendous length, and with tremendous force, on his sufferings, Irving removed his cigar from his lips, and said "I almost wonder you play the part, since you find it so—unwholesome". I quote that remark because it is so particularly good an example of the sardonic humour for which Irving was famous, and of which Mr. Pollock offers no example whatsoever. To ignore Irving's cruelty is to ignore a very salient part of him. Which quality predominated in him—cruelty or kindness? He was an actor, and, even more obviously than most actors, he acted a great deal in private life. How far were both his kindness and his cruelty exaggerated for effect? And, again, how far was his early Bohemian self merged and lost in his later Pontifical self? Did he actually become, at last, what he wished to seem? The people who knew him best are the people least likely to enlighten us in these problems. His magnetism, even through the pavement of Westminster Abbey, is still too strong on them.

THE CASE AGAINST RUBBER.

THE motor controversy rages, and the commonplace man wonders that so much vituperation can be evolved from the desire for swift locomotion. No doubt primitive man had, hidden in his soul, the ambition to drive his own steam-engine. The earliest stages of development are seen in the wandering disposition of man. The present day passion for swiftness, whether on land or sea or in the air, is merely the natural evolution of the original impulse. The late Duke of Sutherland developed the desire to a high degree as an amateur fireman. The speed of the fire-engine has never been restricted; and now it has taken to smashing shop-windows in its eagerness to fulfil its mission of being first on the spot. In this invasion of the placid shopkeeper by a skidding fire-engine we

have the finest example extant of the high-class unexpected skid, in which is to be found the cause of much of the motor trouble.

Parliament in its wisdom, or the reverse of wisdom, and the stolid officialism authorised to interpret its Acts without control or revision have decreed that the tyres of motor-wheels shall be elastic or soft: and as officialism is unable to interpret the word "elastic" except as indiarubber, it says all tyres shall be soft. A soft tyre it says cannot hurt a gravel road; and as a consequence we must assume that in the official mind the lamp-post and the shop-window were to be destroyed in the interest of the gravel roadway, and the pockets of the ratepayers as a community were to be considered at the expense of the individual ratepayer as an inhabitant liable to have his property destroyed. The iron-shod toe of the horse had been digging up the road for centuries. The gentle motor-wheel, with its soft, pliable, delicate, caressing motion, was to take the place of the toe of the horse and deal tenderly with the granite cubes of the famous MacAdam, the scientific maker of the King's highways. But two things have happened. The soft, pliable, delicate, caressing pneumatic has a way of its own of destroying roads. Its sweet tenderness is merely a cloak. Noiselessly it passes on, sucking the life out of the roadway, extracting the nerve and blood-vessels and flinging them into the air a cloud of dust. It leaves the unclothed fragments of flint upon the track—sharper than a serpent's tooth—to harry succeeding pneumatics, rip them into fragments, shred them from their base and hurl the car and its occupants to perdition with calm imperturbability at most unexpected moments. Better the toe of the horse than this softness. The insidious smooth roundness of it glides over the surface at unbidden times, carrying its load into shop-windows, mowing down lamp-posts. Of course it does. What else should it do? A smooth rounded soft thing cannot hold to its path. Who but a Government official would expect it to do any such thing?

This mania for softness has taken such a hold upon the imagination of the ignorant that one Solon among the critics has proposed that the roads should be made soft and the wheels hard—that the whole city should be paved with indiarubber and become noiseless, and he assumes invulnerable and everlasting. The retiring disposition of indiarubber would, he thinks, save it from disintegration as the shrinking maiden avoids danger by flight. These are the follies that we are invited seriously to consider in the interest of shop-windows, area-railings, and elderly gentlemen merely because the official mind refuses to allow the engineer to follow in the path of science as the logic of facts leads him. The subject is one which we do not imagine will be discussed by the conferences at the Rubber Exhibition during the next fortnight.

The newspaper heading "Fatal Motor Accident" is becoming too frequent. It is idle to say that fatal accidents occur with other vehicles when the cause of these motor accidents is largely traceable to the soft uncontrollable wheel insisted upon by officials of the Local Government Board. A tyre bursts and the motor collides with a horse-drawn vehicle; the occupant is thrust through the body with the broken shaft and dies. A wheel swerves, collides with a wall, the car overturns and pins the occupants to the ground. The consequent fire makes a holocaust of their bodies in honour of the soft tyre. A motor runs amok at a hoarding, dashes through it and precipitates its passengers into an excavation thirty feet deep. This is the sort of thing that could not happen but for soft tyres; and yet they are positively insisted on for the benefit and interest of the growers and importers of indiarubber. All others concerned are in daily peril of their lives through this interference of a Government Department with the individual responsibility of the citizen. Such a condition of things exists in no other part of the administration. What would be said if the Board of Trade dictated the character of the screw-propellers of the Atlantic liners, or the paddles of the Channel steamers? Imagine what would happen if shipowners were forbidden to use manganese bronze or mild steel for their propellers, and yet this is what the Local Government Board does in the matter of self-propelled road vehicles, under the mistaken

impression that indiarubber does not injure the roadway. The policy of successive Governments hitherto has been to leave the full responsibility of providing sound and strong means of locomotion to the public, and has left those concerned, whether private owners or public carriers, with the full responsibility of errors of judgment or defective apparatus. Who is to pay the damages when an omnibus turns over on the Brighton road and sends ten patients to the local hospital? The Local Government Board insists on an indiarubber tyre and the indiarubber tyre leaves the wheel, as it is bound to do with wear, and with that happening anything may happen. "A Country Doctor", writing in "The Times" on the same day that this Brighton road accident was reported, put the case accurately when he described the soft indiarubber tyre as essentially a "sucking material" and a "skidding material". In his experience, skidding is the "one chief cause of all the accidents to life and limb, and is the cause of most of the nervous fear entertained by pedestrians". Skidding is the natural result of the regulations of the Local Government Board and the action of those officials who carry them out, so that we have the novel arrangement of a Government Department promoting fatal accidents and the destruction of shop-fronts by presuming to dictate of what material motor-wheels shall be made.

W. F.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPARROWS AND THE ANTI-VERMIN SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds,
3 Hanover Square, London W.

8 September 1908.

SIR,—“Where is the Society for the Protection of Birds?” asks the second of the two brilliant articles which the SATURDAY REVIEW has devoted to the recent resuscitation of the sparrow question, and for which members of the society will heartily thank you. Possibly it may seem to others also that the society is inactive because it has taken no part in the newspaper controversy. Will you let me say, therefore, that so far as an expression of opinion is concerned it appeared unnecessary for the society once again to declare itself? The subject is one that comes up periodically, and the society's attitude must by this time be pretty well known. Moreover, its views have been well put forth by some of our friends and by an influential section of the press. But so far as regards any practical aspect of the question, your readers may rest assured, Sir, that the society is neither asleep nor inactive.

We are not greatly concerned in the endless discussion as to the virtues and vices of the house-sparrow. A vastly greater amount of observation and study than has been devoted to the problem is needed before the exact place of any bird can be defined in the economic system. It is conceivable that in some districts the bird has become too numerous: man has done his best to clear off the face of the earth all the natural enemies of the species. But the law allows all owners and occupiers to destroy these birds and their eggs, and as the house-sparrow never breeds far from the haunts of man this affords the necessary scope for dealing with it.

The present discussion is twofold. We have the suggestion which was believed to result from Mr. Rider Haggard's outcry for the employment and reward of children as sparrow-hunters; and we have the Anti-Vermin Society apparently anxious to increase and multiply and foster the village "sparrow club". In one respect the two propositions are alike. Anything more unscientific, more mischievous, more demoralising, and more senseless it would be hard to invent than the encouragement of such haphazard and indiscriminate destruction as does and must result from setting children and boys, and the country population generally, to rake in all the heads and eggs they may comprehensively designate "spadgers". As a method

of dealing with a serious economic problem it is ludicrous.

But it now appears certain that Mr. Rider Haggard did not, and does not, mean to advocate this "damnable teaching" for the subversion of the efforts of Bands of Mercy, Bird and Tree Competitions, and civilising influences generally.

With respect to the new society, we have now the assurance of its president, Sir J. Crichton Browne, that he is open to conviction and would "like to see justice done" even to the sparrow. And we have the assertion of Mr. Boelter that his society would not countenance any such "clumsy, dangerous, and objectionable" measure as bribing children to rob birds' nests; also that it takes sparrow clubs under its wing just because it recognises that they do "in the aggregate much harm by killing other birds besides sparrows and by killing more sparrows than should be killed". This logic may strike the reader as rather odd, but Mr. Boelter adds, "We want to prevent the indiscriminate killing of birds by admitting only those of the old 'rat and sparrow clubs' that operate in districts where the sparrow has been proved to our satisfaction to have developed into a local pest". (How "proved" is not stated: but let that pass.) The whole tone of Mr. Boelter's letter is eminently cautious and reasonable. But (and it is a big but) the fact remains that in the society's prospectus, sparrows—without even the specific "house"—are included with ticks and fleas under the denomination of "vermin noxious to man"; that the encouragement and assistance of rat and sparrow clubs by means of grants and government aid is one of the declared objects of the society; and that one of the three questions asked in the "general observation" schedule is:

"Are you in favour of a proposal to multiply the number of the existing rat and sparrow clubs, organising and co-ordinating them with similar agencies working for the extermination of rats?"

If all this is to be taken with the limitations and modifications and qualifications now given, it is a pity that the circular was not made more explanatory. It is perhaps a still greater pity that the word "sparrow" was ever introduced into the society's prospectus.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

L. GARDINER, Secretary.

MR. CAMERON CORBETT'S POSITION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Public Reading Room, Municipal Buildings,
Oxford, 7 September 1908.

SIR,—In your issue of 5 September, "Fidelis" agrees with you that "to resign is much the straightest, fairest thing to do". I demur to this, however, for the following reason. In the year 1886 I used to attend the upstairs smoking-room at the National Liberal Club, when the late Professor Thorold Rogers dilated upon the Liberal Unionist Secession which lost him his seat in Southwark. Some of the most influential of these seceders were fanatical teetotalers like Mr. Corbett. I was not one of them, but I had the misfortune to be related to some who were. Mr. Chamberlain was the moving spirit of that secession on account of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. If Mr. Corbett has changed his views on Home Rule for Ireland, then he might be reasonably asked to resign, but I hardly think this is the case. At any event, when he addressed a meeting in the Oxford Town Hall some time ago he showed himself clearly an Imperialist, and I think he might be allowed to support a genuine temperance measure, such as this Bill is generally considered to be. No one dreams of this being a party measure. Liberals are just as partial to a pint bottle of Bass as Conservatives, and the brewers' cry "Our trade our politics" is hardly likely to be very popular with the masses. There is nothing which the keen politician on the Radical side desires more than a General Election on such an issue. "Fidelis" remarks: "When a Cabinet Minister could not see eye to eye with the party on the question of

Tariff Reform, he was quickly and unceremoniously compelled to resign: a fortiori Mr. Cameron Corbett". Surely, with all due deference to the legal title of the Temple, Strand, the analogy is somewhat difficult to see. The Colonial question looms very large on the subject of Tariff Reform, and Mr. Chamberlain was the Colonial Secretary who introduced it; unless the bow, drawn at a venture, had been definite, nothing would have been done at all, as very influential Unionists are still Free Traders, whereas this teetotal fad is only suitable for drunkards and those who cannot control their appetites; it is also a trade, as a large number of temperance reformers obtain their living by their advocacy, and it is hard not to allow this section of the working classes to live.

H. HENRY PASH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kingston, Glasgow, 9 September 1908.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Fidelis" argues that because Mr. Cameron Corbett's political friends knew beforehand that he would support the English Licensing Bill there is therefore the "strongest possible reason why his resignation should be not only hastened but demanded". That is to say that his Unionist supporters, who knew what his attitude had been towards the late Government's Licensing Bill, and who voted for him at the last General Election in the full knowledge that he would go even farther than any Liberal Government was likely to go in reversing their predecessors' policy on the question, should now call their member to account and "demand" his resignation for having acted as they, by their vote, had empowered him to act! Surely "Fidelis" must recognise the absurdity of the position to which his militant counsel would lead.

If Mr. Cameron Corbett's support of the Licensing Bill could have been held to be in any sense a violation of his election pledges, is it the least likely that his action would have remained unchallenged? As a matter of fact his support of the Bill was taken here as a matter of course, and if he had not written his now famous letter to the "Times" not a word would have been heard on the subject.

Apart from the special case of Mr. Cameron Corbett, I doubt whether your correspondent's contention that members of the Unionist party who may support the Licensing Bill should be "banished from its ranks" would find very much support in this part of the country.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. C. MURISON.

COUNTRY HOLIDAY CHILDREN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brenchley, Kent, 6 September 1908.

SIR,—There is cant and cant, and there is a cant which canteth against cant.

"Why", your correspondent "Ex-Holidayer" says, "should I be asked to subscribe for the purpose of making town children's lives more unhappy?" He isn't asked. As I read the letters of Mr. Adkins and "Experientia Docet" and your article which gave rise to the letters, he is asked to help in making them happier. The article and letters seem to me in favour of teaching children to enjoy the country holiday which is prescribed for their health. "Ex-Holidayer" "may spend his money in purchasing tedium in dull healthy places, but why should he be anxious to drag happy children to his dull level?" "Happy" begs a question, but "Healthy" answers the question he asks. He pretends to his friends that he enjoys the country when he in fact doesn't. "Happily children are not hypocrites and do not profess to like what gives them no pleasure." Papæ! What a queer kind of kid "Ex-Holidayer" must have encountered! A great difficulty with most

children is to know whether they are really happy or only polite.

That Johnson was "sincere" in his dislike of the country I believe. That I am bound to agree with him is Cant. Am I obliged to share his opinions on Frenchmen or fishermen, on the life of a sailor or on cold sheep's head? It is hard on me that the Master to whose words I am bound to swear should be one who confessedly talked for victory, who was noted for denying to-day that which he had asserted yesterday, much of whose admirable talk was inspired by prejudice, and a good deal of it flavoured with momentary irritation or humorous exaggeration. Johnson, nevertheless, was a very sensible man, and took it as a high compliment when someone said that he, if he lived in the country, would "learn to talk about 'runts'".

"One green field is very much like another", says your correspondent—Cant. One street is very like another—one man is very like another—till you get to know them. We judge of a man's knowledge of town by his ability to distinguish his whereabouts, not by landmarks, but by the look of the houses, the kind of traffic, the goods in the shops, and half a hundred details. A man unaccustomed to doing this finds all streets very much alike indeed.

"Who, of any class, cares for the country unless he can be shooting or hunting something?" Cant. The cant of Dr. Pessimist Anticant's epitaph on the Partridge-slayer. If the question is serious, I would answer: "The many, for instance, who like gardening". Personally, I detest gardening: but I decline to set down all my friends who say they like it as canting humbugs, at the bidding of "Ex-Holidayer". He, like his friend Dr. Johnson, resembles King David more than King Solomon. He is in a great hurry to say that all men are liars.

Those who do "the heavy disgusting work" of the country "are glad to get away from it into the towns". And are not those who do the heavy disgusting work of the towns glad to get away from it into the country? "Ex-Holidayer" will hardly say that in towns there is no such work. "When" the men of sport "have a slack time they hurry up to town." And, when Sunday approaches, theatre-goers hurry down into the country. One statement proves as much as the other. Neither affects the question, which is, simply, "Can the town-child's country holiday, admittedly beneficial to his health, be made agreeable to him?" I hope "Yes": for I have noticed that, where he has anything to do (as when he comes hopping), he is as merry as a grig. "Ex-Holidayer" says "No". But then "Ex-Holidayer" says a lot of things: talks, for instance, of "the brightness and stir and humanity of towns". Query—of the slums? It is from the slums that the "kiddies" in question come. But I don't think "Ex-Holidayer" need worry. It would really seem that no "anxiety" on his part would "drag happy children to his dull level".

Yours &c.

CECIL S. KENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Harcourt Road, Sheffield, 5 September 1908.

SIR,—Is not "Ex-Holidayer's" view of the boredom of the country and the terrors of nights by the sea rather softening—if encouraged in boys at any rate? If town life is so destructive of a boy's resource and grit that he can find nothing to do when left to himself, and loses his nerve in the dark, all the more reason must there be to give him as often as possible just the tonic of discipline and well-directed activity which camp life properly conducted affords.

Boys are naturally daring and active: they object to being coddled and turn instinctively to a Spartan life, provided it is full of interesting activity as well. If, then, we can associate the idea of hardness and strenuousness with the pleasures of holiday making in their minds we are, I believe, working in accordance with their natural development: the schoolboy corresponding with the Red Indian, "the stoic of the woods": and we are certainly cultivating in them

tastes and habits which will go far to counteract the evils of town life, with its cheap trams, cheap amusements and vicarious sports. Loafing about country lanes cannot be much better, if any, than loafing about city streets. The sportsman who, according to "Ex-Holidayer", alone enjoys the country has to rough it to some extent; and roughing it gives sport its value. Boys, as he justly points out, are not allowed to enjoy the pleasures of sport on their visits to the country; they are forbidden to chase cattle or pelt poultry; but if they can be made to rough it in other ways their enjoyment of their holiday will be as keen as the sportsman's, and the value of the holiday as a discipline and tonic both physical and moral will be considerable even to those boys who may not at first enjoy camp life whole-heartedly.

If the Country Holiday Fund Committees and the various Boys' Brigade and Church Lads' Brigade organisations could co-operate to start seaside camps, both movements would, I think, find their own particular work strengthened by the co-operation.

I remain yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

COVENT GARDEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

32 Rosemont Road, West Acton, W.,
5 September 1908.

SIR,—One feels grateful week by week for the sane and beautifully felt criticisms the SATURDAY REVIEW is now getting famous for, but I had hoped to find Mr. Symons condemning instead of applauding the choice of "Pelléas et Mélisande" for Covent Garden next season.

Surely such a huge barn of a place is totally unfit for so miraculous a dream-play as this is, and the delicate, possessive, and extraordinarily illustrative music that will accompany it; the real Debussy or Maeterlinck cannot possibly be discovered there. It needs a much smaller stage and house, the Savoy for instance, and should only be staged by some such modern genius as Granville Barker or Gordon Craig.

All of us who remember the marvellous evenings Lugé Poe gave us at the Opéra Comique years ago in this most wonderful of poetical plays, giving us the real Maeterlinck, must shudder at the idea of seeing it outraged at Covent Garden and hearing the wonderful music over-emphasised to fill that huge auditorium.

There was one small fly in the delectable pot of ointment provided in the last SATURDAY REVIEW; may a humble precisian plead for the alteration of "want" to "need" in the sentence at foot of page 296: "His refusal to learn what is called technique was no ignorance, but a great confidence in himself. He knew that he did not want it."

Need is, of course, what the critic meant; but the confusion is so frequently made that it is a joyful pain to point it out in so perfectly equipped a critic.

One hears it said, "Ah, that boy wants a good spanking", which is indeed the last thing that boy "wants", however much he may "need" it!

Yours faithfully,

FREDERICK H. EVANS.

THE FINANCIAL POSITION OF TEACHERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Bushire", Budleigh Salterton,
4 September 1908.

SIR,—The SATURDAY REVIEW has so frequently shown its desire to raise the general status of the teaching profession that I trust you will allow me to make a few remarks on the above subject. The best material of the Universities is now being so largely absorbed by the Civil Service, journalism, and other vocations, that,

in the interests of education, no chance should be lost of making a teacher's career more attractive. The altruistic view that a teacher's work is its own reward is ideal, but unfortunately fails to draw, in face of the financial bait thrown out by the Civil Service and elsewhere.

That plenty of people may be found ready to fill all teaching vacancies I do not deny, and probably these are the individuals the British parent has in mind when he proclaims the salaries adequate, the hours of work too short, and the holidays too long.

Happily, however, those in authority and possessed of the necessary knowledge are alive to the fact that, until greater financial inducements are offered, many likely young men will hesitate to join the profession. But, with the best will in the world, it is impossible for the authorities to improve matters without funds, and, as far as one can learn, the latter to an adequate extent are not likely for some time to be forthcoming. Meanwhile, however, could not more be done from within the profession itself? A few weeks ago the "Morning Post"—a journal which speaks with great weight on educational matters—had a news item to the effect that during the recent holidays the elementary teachers under the L.C.C. had derived numerous advantages as to railway fares &c. by means of co-operation. Why could not the same system be adopted in future holidays by the whole body of teachers in the country?

This naturally leads to speculation as to whether co-operation amongst teachers might not be carried out so as to embrace all the necessities of life. It seems clear that a "Scholastic Trading Association", financed by and carried on solely in the interests of teachers, would result in a saving of 10 or 15 per cent. on the annual income.

At any rate, in these days when even the nobility "buy and sell" for profit, and all other bodies are beginning to understand the value of co-operation, it is difficult to see why teachers should stand aloof—any more than officers who derive benefit from the "Army and Navy Stores" without any loss of professional dignity.

Yours obediently,

A. G. MUNRO.

"THE SOUTHERN SLAV CLUB."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 August 1908.

SIR,—In an article entitled "Young Turkey and Others", which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 22 August, the writer brings certain unfounded charges against the "Southern Slav Club", which evidently he has gathered from Austrian sources, probably from the "Neue Freie Presse", which is by far the most Serbo-phobe organ in the dual monarchy.

As no doubt this article is likely to prejudice people against the "Southern Slav Club", I would like to make it a little clearer to your readers what work this club really does.

The "Slovenski Jug" (Southern Slav Club) is in no way a "secret society" or a "revolutionary committee"; it is a club open to everybody, with its headquarters in Belgrade and branches in Agram, Sofia, and Laibach, the capitals respectively of Servia, Croatia, Bulgaria, and of the Slovenes.

This club was formed with the object of morally uniting all the Southern Slavs, Serbs, Bulgarians, Montenegrins, Croats, and Slovenes in order to enable them successfully to resist the penetration of Austria into the Balkan Peninsula.

The idea of Southern Slav solidarity has met with success; the Croats and Slovenes have agreed to put on one side the religious differences which till quite recently have made them the most bitter enemies of the Servians.

Servians and Croats stand united (e.g. the Serbo-Croatian coalition) to defend their interests against the common enemy, Austria-Hungary.

The recent changes in Turkey have caused considerable anxiety to Austria, as she fears the constitutional movement will spread to the occupied provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina and encourage the oppressed Slavs of those regions to make another bid for freedom. Never before had Austria been faced by such a powerful political union of the Southern Slavs; evidently something had to be done to throw discord once more among the various Slav nationalities and so save the situation.

To this end Austria has again been playing her old game of manufacturing a "conspiracy" against herself, as we saw in 1872 when Baron Ranch père, at that time Ban of Croatia, organised a similar conspiracy, employing the spy Reichertzer to enhance his own popularity.

This time Baron Ranch fils, the present Ban of Croatia, finding it impossible to govern in the face of the Serbo-Croatian coalition, has ordered wholesale arrests among members of that coalition in order to circumvent a parliamentary deadlock and, at the same time, terrorise the inhabitants, who are all Slavs.

These arrests have been made solely on the ground of certain disclosures brought to light in a brochure written by the notorious spy George Nastic.

When the trial comes on the "Southern Slav Club" will doubtless be able to prove the falseness of Nastic's allegations, and so I will not presume to make out a good case for them.

In the meantime it would be fairer to reserve your judgment and not to believe all the "canards" which take their flight from Vienna.

Yours truly,

LOUIS CAHEN.

THE BASTILLE AND THE FRENCH NATIONAL FÊTE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dominica, B.W.I., 22 August 1908.

SIR,—In your issue of 18 July there appears a paragraph commenting on the choice by the French of 14 July for the celebration of their national fête. There is another aspect of the case, which I think gives additional force and point to your writer's opinion.

It is quite correct to say that "the Bastille as a prison did not deserve the popular hatred so lavishly poured out on it". The onslaught of the Parisian mob, the murder of the prison officials, and the destruction of the Bastille proved a fiasco on a colossal scale, an achievement fraught with nothing meritorious, and destitute of any element of that fancied poetical justice with which the vulgar mind of the plebs has invested it. Under the humane administration of Louis XVI. and his Ministers, reforms in the administration of the laws and the modes of prison discipline had completely transformed the once really terrible Bastille into a comparatively tolerable place of detention. Influences had been at work in France such as had ameliorated legal procedure and prison life in England through the efforts of John Howard and Sir Samuel Romilly, and, instead of the crowd of victims groaning in chains whom they expected to liberate from barbarous tortures, the invaders of the Bastille found just seven prisoners, incarcerated under regular process of law, three of whom had been legitimately detained at the special request of their families, to avoid the scandal attending open lawsuits. These historical facts knock the bottom out of all the sentimental side of the popular vengeance theory, and leave the destruction of the Bastille, with its accompaniment of bloodshed and riot, nothing more than a mere act of violent defiance of authority, perpetrated by an infuriated populace, an act of reprisal and revenge from below for oppression from above. As the outward and visible sign of monarchical tyranny and the central symbol in Paris of a too unlimited monarchy, the ancient structure was certainly a fitting object for wreaking the popular fury, but, in comparison with the great and momentous landmarks which successively accentuated, stage by stage, the progress of democracy in France and its ultimate triumph over monarchical

institutions, the ruthless act of 14 July 1789 was insignificant as a constitutional movement or a dignified and emphatic expression of the national will. The blood-thirsty sans-culottes and viragos of 14 July were only actors and actresses in the drama enacted by the dregs of the French people, at the bottom of the great national vortex in which their country was involved. And their barbarities cannot be reasonably associated with the work of the leading thinkers, writers, orators, patriots, and statesmen who conducted France from the old to the new order of things. Quite irrespective, therefore, of the considerations of propriety and moral sentiment, in which I concur with your writer, I think the commemoration of 14 July as the anniversary of a supremely prominent and important event of French history an inappropriate one. The fall of the Bastille represents no such era as the declaration of American independence, or the proclamation, in France itself, of the Septennate on 4 September 1870; not even such a great national pronouncement as that of the Italian plebiscite after the entry of Victor Emmanuel's troops into the Eternal City. A great national epoch, marking an essential change in the constitutional life of a great nation like the French, foremost in all that constitutes enlightenment and civilisation, is quite inadequately and unbecomingly celebrated by reviving the memory of so questionable an exploit as the one inaptly hit upon by our neighbours as the emblem of their republicanism. French history surely affords something more worthy of France. The *raison d'être* of a French republican celebration is, to my mind, the perpetuation of the idea of the rise of the democracy, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of the old monarchy. The Convention, established under the auspices of the French Legislature of 1792, at its first sitting abolished royalty and proclaimed the first French republic. What more suitable historical fact than this decisive act of a deliberative assembly of representative men (*circa* September 1792) to select in memory of the inception of triumphant republicanism?

I am, Sir, &c.,

F. STERNS-FADELLE.

THE SEVENOAKS MYSTERY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ightham Knoll, near Sevenoaks,
8 September 1908.

SIR,—I should be very much obliged if you will permit me, through your columns, to acknowledge the very large number of telegrams, letters, and cards which I have recently received, expressing such deep sympathy for me.

The public at large has been deeply stirred by this awful crime, and I may have some right to ask if the time has not arrived for clearing away from our roads, our lanes and our woods the many thousands of unemployed people, many of them in a desperate state from want, who may give way to temptation, and commit the worst of sins.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

C. E. LUARD, Major-General.

"PARLIAMENT."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Folkestone, 7 September 1908.

SIR,—The Melbourne leader-writer quoted in your Notes of the Week who was unaware that the last syllable of Parliament was merely a suffix and who innocently derived it from the Latin *mens*, at least erred in good company. The learned Justinian says in his "Institutes", at the beginning of the chapter on Wills, that testamentum is the evidence of the "mind" of the testator.

Yours truly,

W. T.

REVIEWS.

THE PSYCHICISING OF COCK LANE.

"The Naturalisation of the Supernatural." By Frank Podmore. New York and London: Putnam. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

THE "new materialism" of which Mr. Podmore has long been our most acute and most remorselessly conscientious exponent may be described as spiritualism without spirits. Ghosts happen. But they are not visitants from another world. Myers' investigations were conducted in the hope of finding evidence for the post-mortem and extra-planetary existence of the soul. The school of Mr. Podmore aims at bringing all supernatural phenomena under the domain of natural law. Liberal theology has lately been eagerly engaged in explaining the miraculous as merely the operation of unusual and hitherto occult psychic forces, adding that it is none the less divine, and disclaiming disbelief therefore in the supernatural. But the divine and the supernatural are not the same thing. God is in both His worlds, but an archangel belongs to one, a Cabinet Minister to the other. The question is whether there is any supernatural world. Mr. Podmore holds that, if there is, it is not proven by phantasms of the dead or the living, nor by the most eerie and unexplainable examples of apparent commerce with the invisible. The mystery of mind is still a problem of the unknown. From time to time there come to the surface of an individual consciousness here or there vestigial traces of some, it may be, pre-Adamite faculty, or strange emergences from that subliminal self which Myers held to be the true personality; and then unaccountable things happen. We have hardly explored beyond the mouth of a dark cavern which, for all we know, may stretch into the heart of the world. But Mr. Podmore thinks that some day we shall learn its secret. He already knows what stuff dreams are made of.

And yet he is much too honest and clear-headed to claim that his suggestions are adequate. In fact for a great many of the extraordinary occurrences recorded in this book he can suggest no explanation whatever. He finds it "difficult to resist the conclusion that [certain apparitions] are in some fashion connected with the dead persons whom they purport to represent; of the nature of that connexion it is not easy to form even a plausible guess". There may be some kind of "agency of the dead", of "spirit communication", of "contact with the minds of the dead". Whether there can be "telepathy from the dead" is still "an open question". And "not all doors can be opened by telepathy", though it will unlock a great many. Precognitions, also visions about human remains which have been afterwards discovered, puzzle Mr. Podmore, and appearances to animals before or at the same moment that they were seen by one human being or more seem to defy a subjective explanation. In some cases the apparition is actually of an animal, such as a favourite dog. Phantasmal appearances are often, however, to perfect strangers, nor are they always connected with the moment or date of death. Mr. Podmore thinks there may be a floating image thrown off, as it were, from a physical organism and, like wireless telegraphy, affecting cognate consciousnesses. But what about clothes?—a dying man does not usually appear in his bed-attire, though a drowning friend is recorded to have been seen in dripping garments. Sometimes the percipient sees surroundings of which the "agent" must have been unconscious. Often there has been a mutual or reflex "haunting". Then again there is the question of ghostly sounds, and of hallucinations of smell and touch; and what can be the physical law under which an apparition's footsteps are less audible on the stair-carpet than on the linoleum? Mr. Podmore, we fancy, gives no instance of a phantasm leaving material traces behind it, though in the amazing Pottergeist manifestations at Cideville the furniture moved itself about and panes of glass got broken by a metetherial hammer. Mr. Podmore has no opinion of Sludge the medium. But in the case of Eusapia Paladino, closely investigated by eminent Italian scientists, he has no better explanation to suggest for her feats than "a power of extruding false limbs—

'pseudo-podia'—from her person", or the possession of "some ectenic force capable of acting on material objects at a short distance beyond the limits of her material organism".

It will be seen that where a telepathic hypothesis fails, Mr. Podmore has not done much to "naturalise the supernatural". Not that supernatural systems have much to lose by the discrediting of creepy tales about meaningless, foolish and ineffectual bogles which have nothing to say or do. Mrs. Piper is a poor substitute for S. Catherine of Siena, and a spirit rapping out badly-spelled and ungrammatical American in a parlour is hardly homogeneous with S. Paul's "visions and revelations of the Lord". It is outside Mr. Podmore's province to examine the great supernatural manifestations with which the existence of Christianity is bound up, or else the sober record of a killed Man being seen of above five hundred persons at once—"some of whom remain unto this present"—would have struck him as worthy of the closest scrutiny, in connexion with the series of phenomena of which it formed part. He confines himself to some of the best-authenticated cases of our own time, and these make thrilling reading even if at the end reader and author have to confess "I give it up".

The ghosts of modern fiction have none of the picturesqueness of the old-fashioned ones, which were seldom below the rank of a baronet. Moreover, the phantom frigate or highwayman, the abbot stepping from behind the arras of the Elizabethan banqueting-hall, or the miser uncle counting his unclinking gold with transparent fingers—these needed no justification. But the new style of supernatural occurrence, however mystifying, always in the end finds a commonplace explanation. This should no longer be so. The Psychical Research Society has demonstrated, we candidly think, the existence of abnormal phenomena which science is only beginning to take notice of, a dim region of strange things which, even if they can be proved not to be supernatural, are at any rate outside the limits of organised experience. The mysterious connexion of soul and body, the power of one mind to influence and transfer knowledge to another apart from sensory media—of these subjects we know only the faint rudiments. Mr. Podmore appears to favour a theory of physical effluence, of etherial vibrations, else the whole scientific conception of the universe is shattered. We prefer to think that physical science is inadequate to explain life, which is a product of two incommensurables.

SIR JOHN GORST IN NEW ZEALAND.

"New Zealand Revisited." By J. E. Gorst. London: Pitman. 1908. 12s. 6d. net.

MUCH if not most of the interest of this book arises from the circumstances in which it was written. Two years ago, Sir John Gorst was asked to represent the British Government at the opening of an exhibition at Christchurch, New Zealand. He accepted the invitation and spent some pleasant months in the island colony. Hence this volume. His visit to the Antipodes would in itself be an ordinary official incident. It becomes interesting when we remember why he was asked to go. The answer carries us back forty-eight years, to the month of January 1860. It was then that young John Gorst, fresh from college, went on board the clipper ship "Red Jacket", bound for Melbourne and Auckland, and managed to reach the latter port after a sea voyage of a hundred and eleven days. In company with five hundred emigrants, Gorst was seeking New Zealand to make a career there. Unluckily he fell at once upon troubled times, for the news of the outbreak of the Maori war reached him while the "Red Jacket" lay in Port Philip; so after two or three disturbed and occasionally exciting years in the North Island, he returned to England, and the New Zealand Public Service lost a very able young man. For more than a generation it seemed as though the only relics of Sir John Gorst's term in New Zealand were to be a little book called "The Maori King", known to a few special students, and the fact that his son—now uncrowned ruler at Cairo—is by birth a New Zealander. The visit of 1906, however, restored a

broken connexion and supplied a dramatic contrast. Unexpectedly, Sir John Gorst saw again the theatre of his youthful adventures, and the changes which time had wrought both in the man and the scene make this book very attractive to any readers who may care about the present or past of the colony and the men who have made a figure there.

The title of the book, "New Zealand Revisited", is not altogether happy. In the course of its pages Sir John not only describes his second visit to the colony but takes the opportunity to tell the story of his first residence there. He does so at a length and with a particularity that throw into the shade the pages telling of things as they now are. Moreover, he passes backwards and forwards between 1861 and 1906 again and again, in a manner that must be a little confusing to those who know less of his ground than he does. It would certainly have been better if he had boldly divided the book into two portions and let the contrast between the circumstances of the two visits and the two periods have a fair chance. Even as it is his desultory and unsystematic treatment cannot spoil it. Moreover, it is needless to say that both the reminiscences and the description are agreeable and intelligent. In the result the reader who takes a little pains can construct for himself two pictures: the one dark, the other bright; the one of North New Zealand in the uneasy years 1860-63, the other of a flourishing colony proudly exhibiting its wealth, industries and institutions to an honoured guest forty-three years afterwards.

Sir John's reminiscences of the 'sixties take the form of personal narrative rather than historic sketch. Incidentally, however, we get his views on the old race conflict, and it is easy to see that he still considers that the Waitara land purchase (the cause of the war of 1861) was mistaken in policy as well as bad in law. He asserts plainly, too, that Sir George Grey's invasion of the Waikato was an error. In both these opinions we agree with him. On the other hand, he sets out with perfect candour the trying, almost intolerable, position of things in and near the native districts before the outbreak of the Waikato war. Indeed, if he errs at all it is in giving too gloomy an impression of the outcome of the honest efforts which Sir George Grey and Sir William Fox made to keep the peace. His own experiences as magistrate, diplomatist, and editor at Te Awamutu were of course peculiarly disagreeable, at any rate they had a very unpalatable ending. But for all that it would, perhaps, have been better if Governor Grey had endured the insolence of the war party among the Kingite natives for another season instead of attacking them in the belief that they meant to attack him.

Of Sir George Grey himself we get incidental glimpses in these pages. We are reminded of the coolness of nerve which led him to enjoy shooting wild bulls as they charged him: of the persuasiveness which enabled him to talk over to his views a combative Prime Minister and an obstinate Cabinet: and of the mischievous fondness for mild practical joking which led him to take a certain dignified British General into the roughest and muddiest by-ways of a New Zealand forest. Bishop Selwyn, too, lives again for us in this book. Indomitable, masterful, one day sweeping out a mission school with his own hands; next roughing it cheerfully on the deck of a rolling coaster; anon eloquently championing the Maori and earning odium thereby. The native chiefs, again, Tamehana, Rewi, and others, are sketched once more, hastily enough, but still from the life. The whole impression—to a New Zealander at least—is extremely curious: it is almost as though a vanished generation had returned to their old haunts. Again, for an instant, they pass across the stage.

The genial picture of New Zealand as seen by an official visitor in 1906 has a value, though a different value. It would have been easy for Sir John to pose as a laudator temporis acti, especially where the condition of the Maori race is concerned. He has had the courage to do the reverse, to accept the complete change that has come over the colony, and to describe in glowing terms the high state of civilisation and comfort obtained by its venturesome democracy. He was able to testify—and here his verdict is conclusive—

to the immense improvement which has come about in the relations between the brown and white races, also in the material conditions and education of the Maori. His account of the social and political experiments of the last twenty years, which as far as it goes is accurate, may be taken as a useful corrective to the persistent attacks thereon with which English newspaper readers are daily made familiar. Sir John was astonished at the amount of success which in his opinion the experimental laws had met with, he could find little or no trace of industrial friction or class bitterness. The views of trade union leaders with whom he talked might have become any good Tory Democrat. He found himself among a population the lot of which seemed in most ways enviable indeed. As an estimate of New Zealand and its institutions as they looked in 1906, there is no reason to suppose that his book is misleading; at the same time, of course, the volume does not profess to be the work of a prophet. The colony's industries and laws are bound to have their ups and downs and a history in which success will be chequered with failure.

MIMICRY AND DARWINISM.

"Essays on Evolution, 1889-1907." By E. B. Poulton
F.R.S. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1908.
12s. net.

IT is the fate of the explorer in each and every region of science that his life-work carries him onward into isolation. He discovers an almost overpowering wealth of details, hitherto unknown, to describe which may need a whole technical vocabulary; and thus it comes about that in the manifold jargons of the scientific world the interminable confusion of primitive languages is so quaintly repeated. Yet our specialist's powers have been maturing; he has mastered his details; he sees their significance for his science, and even, it may be, for the general thought-world he seems to others to have left. Hence it is his right, even his duty, to pause awhile in his personal quest to review his life-work and summarise its essentials, to assert their legitimate place among the established results of science, or to bring them to bear upon its current controversies. This then is the essential purport of Professor Poulton's conglomerate book.

These essays and addresses begin, appropriately enough, for the evolutionist as for the creationist whom he replaces, with the age of the earth, and the nature of species. The main theories of evolution and heredity are once more summarised; Darwin and Wallace are contrasted with Lamarck, and Weismann once more set forth against Spencer. This treatment, to use the due biological phraseology, is at once "ontogenetic and phylogenetic", in accordance, that is, both with Professor Poulton's own development and the world's; and thus we dare not find fault with it, save indeed to wish its treatment had been even more encyclopædic. For the present time—this year with the Linnean Society's Wallace-Darwin celebration, and next year with the jubilee of the "Origin of Species"—is obviously one in which a summary of the whole evolutionary position, pre-Darwinian to post-Darwinian, would be welcomed by the world. This, however, goes beyond our author's aim, nor indeed has he developed enough of the encyclopædist's lucidity, his combination of comprehensive survey with vivid presentment; still, it is much that whoever can make this summary must take note of Professor Poulton's contributions towards it. Immediately to appreciate the abundance of these, the reader has but to leap at once from the contents to the admirably careful analytical index of over eighty pages with some thousands of entries, mostly entomological in particular, but evolutionary in general. Next turning back to the appendix, we have a classification and index of examples of Mimicry, the subject which Professor Poulton has especially made his own—in itself a dry catalogue, but one suggesting a whole fascinating department which we would fain see him actually make for the Natural History Museum, and duly imitated by curators everywhere. For here are the "models and mimics" among butterflies and moths, wasps, bees, and ants, bugs and beetles, flies and

caterpillars; as yet lacking illustration, alas; but we trust some day to serve as the index of what might surely be one of the most popular and attractive as well as instructive of natural history volumes.

Here then we are in the very midst of our author's life-long studies; and it is thus for us first to learn from him, not to criticise. For here is diligence in collecting and observing, here is ingenuity of interpretation and vigour of argument, which mark the true disciple of Darwin, one who indeed swears by the word of the master, but this because he has followed in his steps, and absorbed his teaching as a discipline not as a dogma. Whatever the gain of science from Darwin's habitual retirement, it is no small loss that he never was a teacher. For thus the universities, instead of utilising his influence and example, have been delayed for a whole generation by the essentially pre-Darwinian "type-system" compiled by Huxley from his own training in comparative and human anatomy long before he had so much as heard of Darwin at all; and which has literally reduced, for a whole generation of students, to "the anatomy of the cockroach" that vast and fascinating field of entomology by which the boy-collector was wont so readily to pass into the thinking man; witness Wallace and Darwin, Bates and Müller, Meldola and Poulton. From the direct "nature-study" which is at length making its way from Darwin's happy outdoor boyhood and voyage and maturity into our schools (let us hope not there to find its grammar and its grave!) we can think of no better guide than Professor Poulton to show us the wonders of the world's fauna, and to display some of the strangest forms and situations and scenes in the mysterious and ultra-protean complex of life's evolution. Among these types and situations what can be more surprising, however often repeated, than the mimicry of one form by another practically unrelated?—witness not only butterfly by butterfly, or even ant by locust, but such strange yet unmistakable simulations as those by the versatile tribe of "bugs"—in the large entomological sense, not the special, nor the general American one—of leaf or thorn, of lichen or of bird-dropping, in fact throughout the whole range from beautiful to grotesque, and in each from display to concealment. Here we have a field of special study full of interest and curiosity, a world of continual admiration and astonishment, yet amid which all the questions of evolutionary interpretation are ever arising, in all their varying forms. How can all these mimicries have arisen? How can they have developed to their present perfection? How are they maintained at this? In reply to each and all of these questions, Professor Poulton argues as stoutly for the all-sufficiency of natural selection as can Weismann upon his own different grounds. The arguments are strong and in the main clear. The survival-value of these strange resemblances is not merely reasonable and probable; it has been often verified by observation, and even by direct experiment. In one of these essays the rise of our knowledge is broadly outlined from Kirby and Spence to Bates of "Amazons" fame, and Fritz Müller of "Kosmos", and thence to the contemporary discussion which our writer so much enriches and elaborates. The various suggestions which have been proposed as substitutes for natural selection—as of the action of environmental influences, or those of internal causes, or again the operation of sexual selection—are argued with and dismissed, and the explanation that "these resemblances are useful and have been produced by natural selection" is argued for throughout a series of examples, and with a wealth of detail which even the most convinced expositor of other views or elements of the case will feel to be Darwinism of the best, so far as scientific matter goes, though its literary presentment falls far short of the master's. For to throw upon the reader the task of disentangling the facts and arguments of these two separate essays with their inevitable differences of treatment, and of arranging these for himself, is too much to ask; and we must frankly entreat Professor Poulton not merely to re-edit his old essays, as he has evidently tried to do, but to re-write and unify them into a monograph on mimicry. Not till then can his would-be learners be clearly instructed, nor his critics wholly convinced that his explanations of mimicry be not at times themselves unconsciously

mimetic of some deeper process, imperfectly though they may themselves discern or divine what this may be.

There is matter in the earlier essays also worthy of recrystallisation and separate statement; but the general scientific reader will be more entertained by the insertion at the last moment of an "Introduction" entitled "Mutation, Mendelism, and Natural Selection". This is an unsparing onslaught upon the views lately expressed by Professor Bateson of Cambridge, whose studies of variation in animals and whose recent work on Mendelism have led him to what Professor Poulton warmly protests against, as, to say the least, a grievous undervaluation of the classical importance of natural selection and adaptation. This controversy would obviously lead us far beyond present limits; enough here if we rejoice that it should have arisen. May such controversies spread, and continue—till not only the biological schools of Oxford and Cambridge are fully in the fray, but those of London and Edinburgh, Bristol and Aberdeen, Jena and Naples, Freiburg and Paris; nay, till evolution be justified of all her children. For of all things or thoughts it is surely the doctrine of Natural Selection which should most naturally struggle for its existence, and the Theory of Evolution which must ever continue to evolve.

BERKSHIRE SKETCHES.

"Islands of the Vale." By Eleanor G. Hayden. London: Smith, Elder. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

MISS HAYDEN is already well known for her sketches of simple country life in "Turnpike Travellers" and other publications, and in "Islands of the Vale" she maintains her reputation. In this volume she deals with the history and traditions of some half-dozen villages in a sequestered tract of one of the Home Counties—presumably the Vale of the White Horse. There is no attempt to describe the scenery or the natural history of the district. Miss Hayden holds with Pope that the proper study of mankind is man, and it is with man—past and present—that she is chiefly concerned. "Old history and forgotten romance, in which king and usurper, miser and spendthrift, played their part, slumber within the manor-houses of our lonely villages. Tragedy and comedy dwell beneath the cottar's roof, for life is life in mansion or hut, and joy and sorrow are no respecters of person." And so, in these pages, we are introduced to the Islands of the Vale, to the scattered villages and hamlets and manor-houses dotted here and there in the broad valley, the names of which often enshrine some local feature or ancient tradition.

Passing over Gallow's Bridge, around which many traditions linger, the lane runs between tall hedges of elm and hazel to the lonely hamlet of the Ford of the Still Pool, near which stand the remains of an old Tudor mansion. Its past glories now live only in tradition. Creeping patriarchs of the village tell how, "when I wur a bwoy, elderly folk used to say as 'twas called the House o' the Romans", and the name preserves an interesting story. In the far-off days of Queen Elizabeth the property was held by the family of Yates, who adhered to the old religion. The Grange was a well-known resort of Roman Catholics, and in the month of July 1581 the famous Jesuit, Edmund Campion, visited it. Rumour of his presence getting abroad, a warrant was issued for his arrest, and one Sunday, when Mass was over, and the company were at dinner, a watchman on the gate-tower gave the alarm that soldiers were approaching. Campion and the two resident chaplains were scarcely concealed in a secret recess when the soldiers burst in. Three times over was the house searched in vain. At length, in ascending the stairs, the leader passed his hand carelessly over the wall behind which the priests were hidden, saying, "We have not broken here". A servant hearing him grew white and stammered that enough walls had been broken. His agitation betrayed him. The partition was smashed in, and behind it the three were discovered lying side by side. A few months later, on a chill December morning, Campion suffered for his religion.

Another interesting tradition is associated with the village of the Ford of the Heath, otherwise Hatford. The manor was once held by Thomas Chaucer, who is believed by no less an authority than Professor Skeat to have been the son of the father of English poetry. This opinion is supported by local tradition, which further asserts that the poet lies buried in the chancel at the ruined church hard by the manor-house. At any rate beneath a rough-hewn arch in the northern wall a stone slab supports the full-length effigy of a man which bears a striking resemblance to the Occleve portrait of Chaucer. True it is that "according to the best authorities" the great poet is supposed to have been buried in Westminster Abbey, but the evidence is not absolutely conclusive, and in a rare folio Chaucer of 1561 there is a manuscript note dated 1598, which mentions the statement of "Maister Southbie of Carswell" as affirming the Hatford monument to be Chaucer's. The mystery of the nameless grave took hold of Miss Hayden's imagination, and with the permission of the rector the slab was raised, and in a "trefoiled" stone coffin just below the surface of the floor there lay the full-length skeleton of a man. Nothing, however, was found to throw any light upon the question of identity.

But the volume deals not only with historical traditions—of Chaucer and Campion, of Alice Perrers and Perkin Warbeck—it does not disdain the short and simple annals of the poor. Local gossip and tales of rustic comedy are here in abundance. These must be read in the book itself, which is well printed in good type on excellent paper, and is illustrated with drawings from the pencil of Mr. J. M. Macintosh.

NOVELS.

"The Forewarners: a Novel." By Giovanni Cena. Translated from the Italian by Olivia Agresti Rossetti. With a Preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. London: Smith, Elder. 1908. 6s.

This is a strange book, purporting to be the unfinished autobiography of a poor compositor in Turin. Long brooding over the injustices of the social scheme, of the kind that makes some men anarchists, produced in him pessimism and a longing for self-sacrifice. The author hints that his dreamer threw himself under the king's motor-car in a spirit of crazy symbolism; but the end is nebulous, and we are left in doubt how he died. As a close and poignant study of the life of the poor in an Italian town the book is remarkable and depressing. But we fancy that English readers, despite Mrs. Humphry Ward's Baedeker-like efforts to guide them into a world of alien feelings, will find it very difficult to enter into the mind of the hero. Were any robust and cheery soul to protest to Mrs. Humphry Ward that this compositor was a lunatic whose story is not worth telling, and that service in the army, which his bad physique enabled him to escape, would have made a man of him, we do not quite see how she could answer the objections.

"Dominy's Dollars." By B. Paul Neuman. London: Murray. 1908. 6s.

Mr. Neuman telescopes into one body the child and the grandchild of the Ghetto, conducting Dominy, a Polish Jew, from the poverty of a waif in New York to the position of the richest man in the world. The boy finds influential patrons, who offer him the choice between music, science, and finance. He chooses money, makes it, and finds out for himself the truths proclaimed by the greatest men of his race when his people were still in Palestine. The most interesting figure in the book is a girl—his early playfellow in New York—whom he meets as a beautiful woman and a great singer. She has the insight to see that their true union is impossible so long as the man places dollars first in his scheme of things. He recognises that he must be honest towards her and admit that his life has no object but the amassing of wealth. Then a sudden conversion to Catholicism takes her out of his reach, and his life is left empty. Mr. Neuman can realise his characters—for the most part either Jews or English financial adventurers—and has treated a very old theme with some originality.

"The Life Class." By Keighley Snowden. London: Laurie. 1908. 6s.

This is an intolerably dull book. Mr. Snowden's virtuous model, and art-students, and all his characters are puppets, in whom it is impossible to get interested. He has a jerky, strenuous way of writing, what he says seems beside the point and elusive of what he wants to say, and his manner is often tiresomely affected.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"A Book about Yorkshire." By J. S. Fletcher. London: Methuen. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

"The Enchanting North." By J. S. Fletcher. London: Nash. 1908. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Fletcher prefaces his book with a quotation from Fuller on Yorkshire: "The Best Shire of England". This was very magnanimous of Fuller, who was of Northamptonshire, though it is a mere commonplace and needs no demonstration for every Yorkshireman, to whom it will seem no flattery but just the natural expression of a self-evident truth. And either Mr. Fletcher is himself a Yorkshireman or he enters into the spirit of the thing enthusiastically, for he has written an account of this best of the shires in such a way as to foster and magnify the Yorkshireman's pride in himself and his county. It by no means involves knowledge of his county history in a Yorkshireman when his bosom swells with pride that he is not anything else but a Yorkshireman. In respect of this general ignorance he would probably claim to be the typical Englishman; as indeed he holds himself to be on every other point. Very recently the writer of this notice was in York, and found that the Dean of York had been giving the history of the Minster; and it appeared the inhabitants generally were as superficially informed on the subject of their mighty cathedral as the crowd of American tourists to whom the lecture was more directly addressed. Yet there are few counties better provided with the best type of local histories by learned archaeologists and antiquaries. The philologists, too, have brought their learning to bear on the question of the Yorkshire dialects; and if a Yorkshireman is curious to know why if he goes out of one Riding into another he hears a strange tongue spoken, he can find plenty to confirm him in the belief that Yorkshire has a distinction of its own beyond that of any other shire. So one who, like Mr. Fletcher, has the purpose of interesting the Yorkshireman with a popular account of his county has ample material at his command. Mr. Fletcher has written a fairly big book of three or four hundred pages, and yet he has only skimmed over the huge county in such a way as to present a bird's-eye view of the whole. What else could he do? A book as large might be written about the cathedrals and abbeys alone; the castles would require another book; the great historic houses another; York walls and bars and churches and winding streets would make another of absorbing interest; and again there might be one on the people, their customs and traditions. When we turn from Yorkshire antiquities to its modern great manufacturing towns, into how long a story might the excellent summary that Mr. Fletcher has written be extended! He has selected and arranged his material admirably, and made a story of it which should absorb the interest of every Yorkshireman, and make the inhabitant of every other shire declare that if he were not—whatever he happens to be—he would wish to be a Yorkshireman. We only hope Mr. Fletcher will not spoil the effect by writing a book about any other county; or at least will not wander out of the region of "The Enchanting North". Otherwise the spell will be broken.

"The Dictionary of National Biography." Vol. VII. London: Smith, Elder. 1908. 15s. net.

The new volume carries us from Finch to Gloucester. Among the more notable and interesting names covered are those of Charles James Fox—to whom seventeen pages are devoted by the Rev. W. Hunt—Sir John Franklin, Sir Bartle Frere, and Garrick. The Four Georges claim sixty pages between them. For the biographies of two historians whose place should be in this volume—Freeman and Froude—we must wait till the Supplement is issued.

"Barr's Daffodils." 1908.

Perhaps the daffodil, more than any other flower, or indeed anything else at all, carries with it spring. All spring is in a daffodil. This makes the arrival of Barr's Daffodil catalogue always something of an event. This is a "yellow-back" one need not hide. A glance at the 1908 new seedlings makes one feel that to grow daffodils you must have a long purse. So you must if you will have wonders such as Bedouin, the great Incomparabilis (£30), or Czarina, the giant Leeds, now the highest-priced flowers, Peter Barr having fallen to ten guineas, or Radiant, whose name explains it (£15 15s.), or Lola or Lohengrin. Of several of these new seedlings we are told that there are only a bulb or two for sale. Does not this suggest that they have been put on the market prematurely?

However, if one looks through this catalogue, one sees that the humbler grower may be quite happy too. Now he can have daffodils whose beauty will never be passed at a moderate rate. Madame de Graaf, the peerless sulphur trumpet, he can get for 12s. 6d. a dozen, and that queen of daffodils (though allowed only a duchess' title) Duchess of Westminster for 4s. a dozen; Victoria, the finest bicolor ever raised, for 1s. 9d. a dozen, and Beauty 1s. 6d. a dozen. Even the poor man's turn has come. Can he not get a dozen Barri Conspicuous for sixpence and a dozen Golden Spur for one shilling and threepence? These are no longer *recherchés*, but they have been left behind in hardly any quality but scarceness. By way of afterthought, have not Messrs. Barr carried subdivision in this catalogue rather too far?

We have also received "Barr's Hyacinths, Tulips, &c."

SCHOOL BOOKS.

"Geography, Structural, Physical and Comparative." By J. W. Gregory. London: Blackie. 1908. 6s. net.

"Regional Geography: Asia." By J. E. Reynolds. London: Black. 1908. 2s.

"A School Text-book of Geography." By Lionel W. Lyde. London: Black. 1908. 3s. 6d.

We have all been brought up on the theory that the earth resembles a flattened orange. A short time ago Professor Larmour at the British Association argued that the earth was pear-shaped, and now Professor Gregory further destroys our illusions by likening it to a badly-made peg-top. His book deals with structural, physical and comparative geography, and, as might be expected of a professor of geology, the structural and physical parts of his subject are by far the freshest and most fascinating. The descriptive portions are rather tame and read at times like a catalogue. They lack the imaginative touch of Miss Reynolds and Professor Lyde, who deal respectively with Asia and geography as a whole. We rejoice to see Professor Gregory slaying that geographical "sea-serpent"—the Gulf Stream's effect on European climate. Recent investigation has conclusively proved that the temperate climate of the British Isles is due to warm westerly winds and not to ocean currents. Yet we fear this hydra-headed chimera of the schoolroom will have to be scotched many times before it is finally exterminated, and that the older class of teachers will not readily give up the "hot water laid on" theory. We

(Continued on page 340.)

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note that Professor Gregory is rather more forthright in his statements than the other two writers. For instance, he describes the hairy Ainus of Japan as a Caucasian race, while Miss Reynolds more cautiously says they "are thought to belong to the Caucasian group". Professor Lyde is too well known as a lecturer and writer on geography for his work to need any special commendation. Let it suffice to say that the present volume combines the two qualities of picturesqueness and bold but sure generalisation.

"Modern Arithmetic, with Graphic and Practical Exercises." Part II. By H. Sydney Jones. London: Macmillan. 1908. 3s. 6d.

"Practical Arithmetic and Mensuration." By Frank Castle. London: Macmillan. 1908. 2s. 6d.

The battle in arithmetic to-day is largely between the old-fashioned school of sticklers for accuracy and the modern advocates of intelligent grasp of principles and processes. As a matter of fact, each school of thought is partly in the right. Manipulative skill and quickness are just as essential in real life as a clear understanding of the processes on which they are based. Mr. Sydney Jones has in his "Modern Arithmetic" clearly attempted to keep these rival theories in view. Other strong points in his book are the prominence given to oral arithmetic and a section on averages and statistics. Every well-educated person ought to be able to read statistics in an intelligent way, but as a matter of fact figures—which are really the shorthand of fact—are to the multitude largely unintelligible. Mr. Castle has produced a book on practical arithmetic and mensuration that seems well adapted to the capacity and needs of the ordinary student in evening classes.

"A Short History of Greece to the Death of Alexander the Great." By Walter S. Hett. London: Methuen. 3s. 6d.

This book is professedly written with an eye to examinations. Its strongest feature is the space given to modern archaeological discovery. The style strikes us as singularly dull and undramatic, and it lacks the picturesqueness of many of the older histories. Every historian is free to choose his terminus ad quem, but to us the fall of Corinth seems a more suitable conclusion. The most disappointing side of the book is the scanty notice taken of art and literature, which every believer in the intimate connexion between culture and politics will deplore. This grave omission is possibly due to the fact that a knowledge of the subject does not pay in the examinations for which the book provides the necessary quantum of desiccated information.

"The Teaching of English." By A. E. Roberts and A. Barter. London: Blackie. 1908. 2s. 6d. net.

"Salt is a white granular substance familiar in our mouths as household words." This abominably worded and pedantic sentence is taken from a model essay which the slum child of a few years back was supposed to learn by heart and reproduce with a view to initiating itself into the mysteries of composition. Mr. Roberts and Miss Barter in their "Teaching of English" attempt to show a more excellent way. Instead of starting to teach the pupil Johnsonese English, they begin with simple story-telling in the infant classes. They wisely refuse to separate composition and literature into water-tight compartments. We are glad to note their denunciation of the practice of using for paraphrase the finest passages in English. There is plenty of ordinary prose on which the children may exercise their wits in tearing it up and turning it into shoddy English. We are glad to note the plea in favour of school theatricals; nothing helps pupils to realise Shakespeare better. Part of the success that attended the early efforts of the Jesuits in education was the prominence they gave to school plays.

"Graduated French Exercises." By F. E. Robeson. With a Preface by the Rev. the Hon. E. Lyttelton. London: Rivingtons. 1908. 3s. 6d.

The main interest in this volume is that, according to the Preface contributed by Canon Lyttelton, it is an epitome of the teaching of French at Eton. As a matter of fact, with one exception it is framed more or less on old-fashioned lines. Its chief merit is that it omits such *lusus nature* as the eccentric plurals of "ciel" and "travail". The one concession to the new method is a set of French questionnaires, *à prendre ou à laisser*, which are modestly tucked away at the end of the book.

"A Cycle of Nature Study suitable for Children under Twelve Years of Age." By M. M. Penstone. London: National Society. 1908.

This book appears to be designed for students in training colleges and practical teachers. If used as a book of reference, without being slavishly followed, it should prove useful to many a commencing teacher. But we hold that in nature study, above all other subjects, the teacher should work out his own syllabus.

For this Week's Books see page 342.



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Dictionary of National Biography (Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Vol. VII.) Smith, Elder. 15s. net.
Divine Order of Development, The (John Coultts). National Hygienic Co. 6s. net.
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Handbooks on British Colonies (Walter Paton). Darling. 2s.
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